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THE
BOOK
OF
NURSERY RHYMES
COMPLETE.

FROM THE CREATION OF THE WORLD TO THE
PRESENT TIME.

✓ PHILADELPHIA:
THEODORE BLISS & CO.

1846.

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P R E F A C E.

THE editor of the following work has collected, as the intelligent reader will at once perceive, all that is really valuable in nursery literature, from the time of Adam to that of David Crockett. For this purpose it has been necessary of course to consult all the great libraries in the world, as for example, the Bodleian Library, the Library of the British Museum, the Royal Library at Paris, the Library of the Escorial, of Harvard College, of Meadville College, and the private Library of Tom Thumb, Esq.

The editor has, of course, been under the necessity of reading through a great many thousand volumes; and he now with a feeling of what he hopes may be considered pardonable pride presents the result of his labours, which he



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3.

[The following song relating to Robin Hood, the celebrated outlaw, is well known at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, where it constitutes one of the nursery series.]

ROBIN HOOD, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood!
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore!

4.

[The following lines were obtained in Oxfordshire. The story to which it alludes is related by Matthew Paris.]

ONE moonshiny night
As I sat high,
Waiting for one
To come by;
The boughs did bend,
My heart did ache
To see what hole the fox did make.

5.

[The following perhaps refers to Joanna of Castile, who visited the court of Henry the Seventh, in the year 1506.]

I HAD a little nut tree, nothing would it bear
 But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
 The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
 And all was because of my little nut tree.
 I skipp'd over water, I danced over sea,
 And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

6.

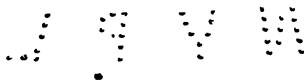
[From a MS. in the old Royal Library, in the British Museum, the exact reference to which is mislaid. It is written, if I recollect rightly, in a hand of the time of Henry VIII., in an older manuscript.]

WE make no spare
 Of John Hunkes' mare;
 And now I
 Think she will die;
 He thought it good,
 To put her in the wood,
 To seek where she might lie dry;
 If the mare should chance to fail,
 Then the crowns would for her sale.

7.

[From MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 19, written in the time of Charles I.]

THE King of France, and four thousand men,
They drew their swords, and put them up again.



8.

[In a tract, called "Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North," 4to., Lond. 1642, p. 3, this is called "Old Tarlton's Song." It is perhaps a parody on the popular epigram of "Jack and Jill." I do not know the period of the battle to which it appears to allude, but Tarlton died in the year 1588, so that the rhyme must be earlier.]

THE King of France went up the hill,
 With twenty thousand men ;
 The King of France came down the hill,
 And ne'er went up again.

9.

THE King of France, with twenty thousand men,
 Went up the hill, and then came down again ;
 The King of Spain, with twenty thousand more,
 Climb'd the same hill the French had climb'd
 before.

10.

[Another version. The nurse sings the first line, and repeats it, time after time, until the expectant little one asks, what next? Then comes the climax.]

THE King of France, the King of France, with
 forty thousand men,
 Oh, they all went up the hill, and so—came back
 again !

11.

At the siege of Belle-isle,
 I was there all the while,
 All the while, all the while,
 At the siege of Belle-isle.

12.

[The tune to the following may be found in the "English Day Master," 1651, p. 37.]

THE rose is red, the grass is green,
Serve Queen Bess our noble queen;
Kitty the spinner
Will sit down to dinner,
And eat the leg of a frog;
All good people
Look over the steeple,
And see the cat play with the dog.

13.

PLEASE to remember
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

14.

[Taken from MS. Douce, 357, fol. 124. See Echard's "History of England," book iii., chap. 1.]

SEE saw, sack-a-day;
Monmouth is a pretty boy,
Richmond is another,
Grafton is my only joy,
And why should I these three destroy,
To please a pious brother!

15.

OVER the water, and over the lee,
 And over the water to Charley.
 Charley loves good ale and wine,
 And Charley loves good brandy,
 And Charley loves a pretty girl,
 As sweet as sugar-candy.

16.

The following is partly quoted in an old song in MS. Ashmole, 36,
 fol. 113.]

As I was going by Charing Cross,
 I saw a black man upon a black horse;
 They told me it was King Charles the First;
 Oh dear! my heart was ready to burst!

17.

IGH diddle ding,
 d you hear the bells ring?
 ie parliament soldiers are gone to the king!
 me they did laugh, some they did cry,
 see the parliament soldiers pass by.

18.

GH ding a ding, and ho ding a ding,
 ie parliament soldiers are gone to the king;
 me with new beavers, some with new bands,
 e parliament soldiers are all to be hang'd.

19.

[The following is a fragment of a song on the subject, which was introduced by Russell in the character of Jerry Sneak. Mr. Sharpe showed me a copy of the song with the music to it.]

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat,
Of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

20.

[Written on occasion of the marriage of Mary, the daughter of James Duke of York, afterwards James II., with the young Prince of Orange. The song from which these lines are taken may be seen in "The Jacobite Minstrelsy," 12mo. 1828, Glasgow, p. 28.]

What is the rhyme for *porringer*?
The king he had a daughter fair,
And gave the Prince of Orange her.

21.

[The following nursery song alludes to William III. and George, Prince of Denmark.]

WILLIAM and Mary, George and Anne,
Four such children had never a man:
They put their father to flight and shame,
And call'd their brother a shocking bad name.

22.

[From MS. Sloane, 1488, fol. 19, written in the time of Charles I. It appears from MS. Harl. 390, fol. 85, that these verses were written in 1691, against the Duke of Buckingham.]

THERE was a monkey climb'd up a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she had eat two, she had eat a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a lackey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clowting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them strip, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it return'd, it came again.

23.

[The following may possibly allude to King George and the Pretende

JIM and George were two great lords,
They fought all in a churn;
And when that Jim got George by the nose
Then George began to gern.

24.

LITTLE General Monk
Sat upon a trunk
Eating a crust of bread;
There fell a hot coal
And burnt in his clothes a hole,
Now General Monk is dead.
Keep always from the fire:
If it catch your attire,
You too, like Monk, will be dead.

25.

[From the "Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects," p.
Lond. 1839.]

EIGHTY-EIGHT wor Kirby feight,
When nivver a man was slain;
They yatt their meaat, an drank ther d
An sae com merrily heaam agayn.

32.

[Tom Thumb's alphabet.]

A was an archer, and shot at a frog,
B was a butcher, and kept a bull-dog.
C was a captain, all covered with lace,
D was a drunkard, and had a red face.
E was an esquire, with insolent brow,
F was a farmer, and followed the plough.
G was a gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a hunter, and hunted a buck.
I was an innkeeper, who lov'd to bouse,
J was a joiner, and built up a house.
K was King William, once governed England,
L was a lady, who had a white hand.
M was a miser, who hoarded up gold,
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an oyster wench, and went about town,
P was a parson, and wore a black gown.
Q was a queen, who was fond of good flip,
R was a robber, and wanted a whip.
S was a sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a tinker, and mended a pot.
U was an usurer, a miserable elf,
V was a vintner, who drank all himself.
W was a watchman, and guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a youth, that did not love school,
Z was a zany, a silly old fool.

33.

A was an apple-pie ;
B bit it ;
C cut it ;
D dealt it ;
E eat it ;
F fought for it ;
G got it ;
H had it ;
I inspected it ;
J joined it ;
K kept it ;
L longed for it ;
M mourned for it ;
N nodded at it ;
O opened it ;
P peeped into it ;
Q quartered it ;
R ran for it ;
S stole it ;
T took it ;
U upset it ;
V viewed it ;
W wanted it ;
X, Y, Z, and &, all wish'd for a piece in hand

34.

*Miss one, two, and three could never agree,
While they gossipped round a tea-caddy.*

35.

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe ;
Three, four,
Shut the door ;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight ;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen ;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve ?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a courting ;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a kissing ;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a waiting ;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach 's empty.

36. ●

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man !
So I will, master, as fast as I can :
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Tommy and me.

37.

A, B, C, and D,
Pray playmates agree.
E, F, and G,
Well, so it shall be.
J, K, and L,
In peace we will dwell.
M, N, and O,
To play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S,
Love may we possess.
T, U, and V,
I hope will agree.
W, X, and Y,
Will not quarrel or lie.
Z, and &,
Go to school at command.

38.

APPLE-PIE, pudding, and pancake,
All begins with an A.



TALES.

39.

[The following stanzas are founded on the well-known Scotch tale.]

BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lasses:
They built their house upon the lea,
And covered it with rashes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry:
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

40.

THERE was a lady all skin and bone,
SURE such a lady was never known :
THIS lady went to church one day,
SHE went to church all for to pray.

AND when she came to the church stile,
SHE sat her down to rest a little while :
WHEN she came to the churchyard,
THERE the bells so loud she heard.

WHEN she came to the church door,
SHE stopt to rest a little more ;
WHEN she came the church within,
THE parson pray'd 'gainst pride and sin.

ON looking up, on looking down,
SHE saw a dead man on the ground :
AND from his nose unto his chin,
THE worms crawl'd out, the worms crawl'd in.*

THEN she unto the parson said,
SHALL I be so when I am dead ?
OH yes ! oh yes ! the parson said,
YOU will be so when you are dead.

* This line, slightly altered, has been adopted in Lewis's ballad of "Alonzo the Brave and fair Imogene." The version given above was obtained from Lincolnshire, and differs slightly from the one in "Gammer Gurton's Garland," 8vo., Lond. 1810, pp. 29-30.

41.

[A tale for the 1st of March.]

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

42.

[The tale of Jack Horner has long been appropriated to the nursery. The four lines which follow are the traditional ones, and they form part of "The pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks, which he plaied from his Youth to his riper years," 12mo.; a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library, and this extended story is in substance the same with "The Fryer and the Boy," 12mo. Lond. 1617, and both of them are taken from the more ancient story of "Jack and his step-dame," which has been printed by Mr. Wright.]

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

43.

DOCTOR FOSTER went to Glo'ster,
In a shower of rain;
He stepp'd in a puddle up to his middle,
And would'nt go there again.

44.

THE STORY OF CATSKIN.

[As related by an old nurse, aged eighty-one. The story is of oriental origin; but the song, as recited, was so very imperfect that a few necessary additions and alterations have been made.]

THERE once was a gentleman grand,
Who lived at his country seat;
He wanted an heir to his land,
For he'd nothing but daughters yet.

When another daughter was born
The father to anger gave place;
And declared to the mother forlorn,
That he never would look on her face.

She sent her away to be nurs'd,
Without seeing her gruff papa;
And when she was old enough,
To a school she was packed away.

Fifteen summers are fled,
Now she left good Mrs. Jervis;
To see home she was forbid,—
She determined to go and seek service.

Her dresses so grand and so gay,
She carefully rolled in a knob;
Which she hid in a forest away,
And put on a Catskin robe.

She knock'd at a castle gate,
And pray'd for charity;
They sent her some meat on a plate,
And kept her a scullion to be.

My lady look'd long in her face,
And prais'd her great beauty;
I'm sorry I've no better place,
And you must our scullion be.

So Catskin was under the cook,
A very sad life she led,
For often a ladle she took,
And broke poor Catskin's head.

There is now a grand ball to be,
When ladies their beauties show;
"Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, "dear me,
How much I should like to go!"

"You go with your Catskin robe,
You dirty impudent slut!
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you'd cut."

A basin of water she took,
And dash'd in poor Catskin's face:
But briskly her ears she shook,
And went to her hiding-place.

She washed every stain from her skin,
In some crystal waterfall ;
Then put on a beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

When she entered, the ladies were mute,
Overcome by her figure and face ;
But the lord, her young master, at once
Fell in love with her beauty and grace ;

He pray'd her his partner to be,
She said " Yes !" with a sweet smiling glance ;
All night with no other lady
But Catskin, our young lord would dance.

" Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live ?"
For now was the sad parting-time ;
But she no other answer would give,
Than this distich of mystical rhyme,—

" Kind Sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the Basin of Water I dwell."

Then she flew from the ball-room, and put
On her Catskin robe again ;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

The young lord, the very next day,
To his mother his passion betrayed,
And declared he never would rest,
Till he 'd found out this beautiful maid.

There's another grand ball to be,
Where ladies their beauties show;
"Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, "dear me,
How much I should like to go!"

"You go with your Catskin robe,
You dirty impudent slut!
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you'd cut."

In a rage the ladle she took,
And broke poor Catskin's head;
But off she went shaking her ears,
And swift to her forest she fled.

She washed every blood-stain off
In some crystal waterfall;
Put on a more beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

My lord, at the ball-room door,
Was waiting with pleasure and pain;
He longed to see nothing so much
As the beautiful Catskin again.

When he asked her to dance, she again
Said "Yes!" with her first smiling glance;
And again, all the night, my young lord
With none but fair Catskin did dance.

"Pray tell me, said he, where you live?"

For now 't was the parting-time;
But she no other answer would give,
Than this distich of mystical rhyme,—

"Kind Sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the Broken-Ladle I dwell."

Then she flew from the ball, and put on
Her Catskin robe again;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

My lord did again the next day,
Declare to his mother his mind,
That he never more happy should be,
Unless he his charmer should find.

Now another grand ball is to be,
Where ladies their beauties show;
"Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, "dear me,
How much I should like to go!"

"You go with your Catskin robe,
You impudent dirty slut!
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you 'd cut."

In a fury she took the skimmer,
And broke poor Catskin's head;
*But heart-whole and lively as ever,
Away to her forest she fled.*

She washed the stains of blood
 In some crystal waterfall ;
 Then put on her most beautiful dress,
 And hasted away to the ball.

My lord, at the ball-room door,
 Was waiting with pleasure and pain ;
 He longed to see nothing so much
 As the beautiful Catskin again.

When he asked her to dance, she again
 Said " Yes !" with her first smiling glance ;
 And all the night long, my young lord
 With none but fair Catskin would dance.

" Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live ?"
 For now was the parting-time ;
 But she no other answer would give,
 Than this distich of mystical rhyme,—

" Kind Sir, if the truth I must tell,
 At the sign of the Broken-Skimmer I dwell."

Then she flew from the ball, and threw on
 Her Catskin cloak again ;
 And slipt in unseen by the cook,
 Who little thought where she had gone.

But not by my lord unseen,—
 For this time he followed too fast,
 And, hid in the forest green,
 Saw the strange things that past.

Next day he took to his bed,
And sent for the doctor to come ;
And begg'd him no other than Catskin,
Might come into his room.

He told him how dearly he lov'd her,
Not to have her his heart would break :
Then the doctor kindly promis'd,
To the proud old lady to speak.

There's a struggle of pride and love,
For she fear'd her son would die ;
But pride at the last did yield,
And love had the mastery.

Then my lord got quickly well,
When from her he was not to be torn ;
And just a twelvemonth from that time
A sweet little baby was born.

To a wayfaring woman and child,
Lady Catskin one day sent an alms ;
The nurse did the errand, and carried
The dear little lord in her arms.

The child gave the alms to the child,
This was seen by the old lady-mother ;
"Only see," said that wicked old woman,
"*How the beggars' brats take to each other !*"

This throw went to Catskin's heart,
She flung herself down on her knees,
And pray'd her young master and lord
To seek out her parents would please.

They set out in my lord's own coach;
They travelled, but nought befel
Till they reach'd the town hard by,
Where Catskin's father did dwell.

They put up at the head inn,
Where Catskin was left alone;
But my lord went to try if her father
His natural child would own.

When folks are away, in short time
What great alterations appear!
For the cold touch of death had all chill'd
The hearts of her sisters dear.

Her father repented too late,
And the loss of his youngest bemoan'd,
In his old and childless state,
He his pride and cruelty owned.

The old gentleman sat by the fire,
And hardly looked up at my lord;
He had *no hopes* of comfort
A stranger could afford.

But my lord drew a chair close by,
And said, in a feeling tone,
"Have you not, sir, a daughter, I pray,
You never would see or own?"

The old man alarm'd, cried aloud,
"A hardened sinner am I!
I would give all my worldly goods,
To see her before I die."

Then my lord brought his wife and child
To their home and parent's face,
Who fell down and thanks returned
To God, for his mercy and grace.

The bells, ringing up in the tower,
Are sending a sound to the heart;
There's a charm in the old church-bells,
Which nothing in life can impart!

45.

THE man in the moon,
Came tumbling down,
And ask'd his way to Norwich.
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

46.

ST. DUNSTAN, as the story goes,
Once pulled the tempter by the nose,
With red-hot tongs, which made him roar,
That he was heard ten miles or more.



47.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a
crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked
stile:
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a
crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked
house.

48.

LITTLE blue Betty lived in a den,
She sold good ale to gentlemen:
Gentlemen came every day,
And little blue Betty hopp'd away.
She hopp'd up stairs to make her bed,
And she tumbled down and broke her head.

49.

My lady Wind, my lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to get her foot in:
She tried the key-hole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
That all the house was pothered:
From it she raised up such a flame,
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,
The same will come, you'll find:
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
Remember what old nurse has sung
Of busy lady Wind!

50.

OLD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'T was built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
Here, mother, says he,
It will not go for nought.

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond,
They 'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell,
She call'd him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

The old Mother Goose,
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into fam'd Harlequin.

She then with her wand,
Touch'd the lady so fine,
And turn'd her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg into the sea
Was thrown then,—
When Jack jump'd in,
And got the egg back again.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vow'd he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

51.

[The following lines slightly altered, occur in a little black-letter book by W. Wagner, printed about the year 1560; entitled, "A very merry and pythie commedie, called, the longer thou livest, the more foole thou art." See also a whole song, ending with these lines, in Ritson's "North Country Chorister," 8vo. Durham, 1802, p. 1.]

BRYAN O'LIN, and his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went over a bridge together:
The bridge was broken, and they all fell in,
The deuce go with all! quoth Bryan O'Lin.

52.

THERE was a rat, for want of stairs,
Came down the rope to say his prayers.

53.

THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown ;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown ;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

54.

THERE was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee,
He looked upon his pillow,
And there he saw a flea
Oh! Mr. Flea,
You have been biting me,
And you must die :
So he cracked his bones
Upon the stones,
And there he let him lie.

55.

I'LL tell you a story
About Jack a Nory,—
And now my story's begun :
I'll tell you another
About Jack his brother,—
And now my story's done.

56.

[The "foles of Gotham" are mentioned as early as the fifteenth century in the "Townley Mysteries;" and at the commencement of the sixteenth century, Dr. Andrew Borde made a collection of stories about them, not however including the following, which rests on the authority of nursery tradition.]

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl:
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

57.

[The following two stanzas, although they belong to the same piece, are often separated from each other.]

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men;
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
Oh! brother Richard, the sun's very high:

The bull's in the barn threshing the corn,
The cock's on the dunghill blowing his horn,
The cat's at the fire, frying of fish,
The dog's in the pantry, breaking his dish.

58.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.



59.

PUNCH and Judy
 Fought for a pie;
 Punch gave Judy
 A knock of the eye.
 Says Punch to Judy,
 Will you have any more?
 Says Judy to Punch,
 My eye's too sore.

60.

[The tale of Simple Simon forms one of the chap-books, but the following verses are those generally sung in the nursery.]

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman
 Going to the fair:
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
 "Show me first your penny."
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went to town,
 To buy a piece of meat:
 He tied it to his horse's tail,
 To keep it clean and sweet.

Simple Simon went a fishing
 For to catch a whale:
 All the water he had got
 Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look.
 If plums grew on a thistle:
 He pricked his fingers very much,
 Which made poor Simon whistle.

61.

On Christmas eve I turn'd the spit,
 I burnt my fingers, I feel it yet;
 The cock-sparrow flew over the table;
 The pot began to play with the ladle;
 The ladle stood up, like a naked man,
 And vow'd he'd fight the frying-pan;
 The frying-pan, behind the door,
 Said he never saw the like before;
 And the kitchen clock, I was going to wind,
Said he never saw the like behind!

62.

THE Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day:
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts
Call'd for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore:
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vow'd he'd steal no more.

63.

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He eat more meat than fourscore men;
He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
He eat a butcher and a half;
He eat a church, he eat a steeple,
He eat the priest and all the people!

A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
A church and a steeple,
And all the good people,
*And yet he complain'd that his stomach wasn't
full.*

64.

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday :
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

65.

JACK SPRAT
Had a cat,
It had but one ear ;
It went to buy butter,
When butter was dear.

66.

THERE was a king, and he had three daughters,
And they all lived in a basin of water ;
The basin bended, &
My story's ended.
If the basin had been stronger,
My story would have been longer.

67.

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comforts in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold:

The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"



PROVERBS.

68.

- **ST. SWITHIN'S** day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain :
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

69.

To make your candles last for a',
You wives and maids give ear-o !
To put 'em out 's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

E *

(53)

70.

[The following is quoted in Miegé's "Great French Dictionary," fol
Lond. 1687, 2d part.]

A SWARM of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay ;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon ;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

71.

THEY that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry ;
They that wash on Tuesday
Are not so much awry ;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame ;
They that wash on Thursday,
Wash for shame ;
They that wash on Friday,
Wash in need ;
And they that wash on Saturday,
Oh ! they 're sluts indeed.

72.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries, his trouble begins.

73.

[One version of the following song, which I believe to be the genuine one, is written on the last leaf of MS. Harl. 6580, between the lines of a fragment of an old charter, originally used for binding the book, in the middle of the end of the seventeenth century, but unfortunately it is scarcely adapted for the "ears polite" of modern days.]

A MAN of words and not of deeds /
Is like a garden full of weeds ;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow ;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall ;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky ;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door ;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back ;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart ;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead, indeed.

74.

HE that would thrive
Must rise at five ;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven ;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

75.

SEE a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day!

76.

Go to bed first, a golden purse;
Go to bed second, a golden pheasant;
Go to bed third, a golden bird!

77.

WHEN the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

78.

[The following proverb is alluded to in Clarke's "Phraseologia Puerilis," 12mo. Lond. 1655, p. 21. See also Brand's "Popular Antiquities," vol. i., p. 266, and the "Archæologist," p. 182.]

BOUNCE BUCKRAM, velvet's dear;
Christmas comes but once a year.



SCHOLASTIC RHYMES.

79.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS was a good man,
He whipp'd his scholars now and then;
When he whipp'd them he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipp'd them back again!

80.

A DONKEY walks on four legs,
And I walk on two;
The last donkey I saw
Was very like you.

(57)

81.

Cross patch,
 Draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin;
 Take a cup,
 And drink it up,
 Then call your neighbours in.

82.

WHEN I was a little boy my mammy kept
 But now I am a great boy I'm fit to serve
 king;
 I can hand a musket, and I can smoke a pipe
 And I can kiss a pretty girl at twelve o'clock
 at night.

83.

Cry, baby, cry,
 Put your finger in your eye,
 And tell your mother it wasn't I.

84.

Instead of "muscles" in the last line, other copies have *colts*
 and some *cowslips*.]

MISTRESS MARY, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
 And muscles all a row.

85.

A DILLER, a dollar,
 A ten o'clock scholar,
 What makes you come so soon?
 You used to come at ten o'clock,
 But now you come at noon.

86.

TELL tale, tit!
 Your tongue shall be slit,
 And all the dogs in the town
 Shall have a little bit.

87.

[The joke of the following consists in saying it so quick that it cannot be told whether it is English or gibberish. For the version now printed, which is more complete than the one given by Chambers, I am indebted to Professor de Morgan, who has heard it in Dorsetshire. It is remarkable that the last two lines are quoted in MS. Sloan. 4, of the fifteenth century, as printed in the "Reliq. Antiq.," vol. i. p. 324.]

In fir tar is,
 In oak none is.
 In mud eel is,
 In clay none is,
 Goat eat ivy,
 Mare eat oats.

88.

[An older version of the following, from a MS. dated 1570 is printed in Davies's "Key to Hutton's Mathematics," 1840, p. 18.]

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

89.

[The following memorial lines are by no means modern. The cur, with slight variations, in an old play, called "The Returne Parnassus," 4to. Lond. 1606; and another version may be seen in Ter's "Cambridge Almanac" for 1635. See the "Rara Mathematica" p. 119.]

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine

90.

THREE straws on a staff,
Would make a baby cry and laugh.



SONGS.

91.

[This is the version generally given in nursery collections, but is somewhat different in the "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, vol. iv. p. 148.]

ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,—
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again!

92.

THERE was a man in our toone, in our toone,
in our toone,
There was a man in our toone, and his name
was Billy Pod ;
And he played upon an old razor, an old razor,
an old razor,
And he played upon an old razor, with my
fiddle fiddle fe fum fo.

And his hat it was made of the good roast beef,
the good roast beef, the good roast beef,
And his hat it was made of the good roast
beef, and his name was Billy Pod ;
And he played upon an old razor, &c.

And his coat it was made of the good fat tripe,
the good fat tripe, the good fat tripe,
And his coat it was made of the good fat tripe,
and his name was Billy Pod ;
And he played upon an old razor, &c.

And his breeks were made of the bawbie baps,
the bawbie baps, the bawbie baps,
And his breeks were made of the bawbie baps,
and his name was Billy Pod ;
And he played upon an old razor, &c.

**And there was a man in tither toone, in tither
toone, in tither toone,**

**And there was a man in tither toone, and his
name was Edrin Drum;**

**And he played upon an old laadle, an old laadle,
an old laadle,**

**And he played upon an old laadle, with my
fiddle fiddle fe fum fo.**

**And he eat up all the good roast beef, the good
roast beef, &c. &c.**

**And he eat up all the good fat tripe, the good
fat tripe, &c. &c.**

**And he eat up all the bawbie baps, &c. and his
name was Edrin Drum.**

93.

**JOHN COOK had a little gray mare; he, haw,
hum!**

**Her back stood up, and her bones they were
bare; he, haw, hum!**

**John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank; he,
haw, hum!**

**And there his nag did kick and prank; he,
haw, hum!**

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill; he,
haw, hum!

His mare fell down, and she made her will;
he, haw, hum!

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf;
he, haw, hum!

If you want any more you may sing it yourself;
he haw, hum!

94.

A CARRION CROW sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his cloak;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

The tailor he shot and missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do;
And shot his own sow quite through the heart;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring brandy in a spoon ;
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
 For our old sow is in a swoon,
 Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.



95.

Another version from MS. Sloan, 1489, fol. 17, written in the reign of
 Charles I.]

Hic hoc, the carrion crow,
 For I have shot something too low :
 I have quite missed my mark,
 And shot the poor sow to the heart ;
 Wife, bring treacle in a spoon,
 Or else the poor sow's heart will down.
 F *

96.

[The original of the following is to be found in "Deuteromelia, or the second part of Musicks Melodie," 4to. Lond. 1609, where the music is also given.]

THREE blind mice, see how they run !
 They all ran after the farmer's wife,
 Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,
 Did you ever see such fools in your life?

Three blind mice.

97.

[The music to the following song, with different words, is given in "Melismata," 4to. Lond. 1611. See also the "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, vol. i. p. 14. The well known song, "A frog he would a wooing go," appears to have been borrowed from this. See Dauney's "Ancient Scottish Melodies," 1838, p. 53. The story is of old date, and in 1580 there was licensed "A most strange weddinge of the frogge and the mouse," as appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, quoted in Warton's Hist. Engl. Poet., ed. 1840, vol. iii. p. 360.]

THERE was a frog liv'd in a well,
 Kitty alone, Kitty alone ;
 There was a frog liv'd in a well,
 Kitty alone, and I.
 There was a frog liv'd in a well,
 And a farce* mouse in a mill, [*merry.
 Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
 Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a wooing ride,
 Kitty alone, &c.
 This frog he would a wooing ride,
 And on a snail he got astride,
 Cock me cary, &c.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
Kitty alone, &c.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
And there he did both knock and call,
Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I 'm come to thee,
Kitty alone, &c.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I 'm come to thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me,
Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth she, answer I 'll give you none,
Kitty alone, &c.

Quoth she, answer I 'll give you none,
Until my Uncle Rat come home,
Cock me cary, &c.

And when her Uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone, &c.

And when her Uncle Rat came home,
Who 's been here since I 've been gone ?
Cock me cary, &c.

Sir, there 's been a worthy gentleman,
Kitty alone, &c.

Sir, there 's been a worthy gentleman,
That 's been here since you 've been gone,
Cock me cary, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the brook
Kitty alone, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
And there he met with a dainty duck,
Cock me cary, &c.

This duck she swallowed him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone ;
This duck she swallowed him up with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history book,
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone, and I.

98.

[Song of a little boy while passing his hour of solitude in a corn field.]

AWA' birds, away !
Take a little, and leave a little,
And do not come again ;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And there is an end of you.

99.

IF I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend ;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend ;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell ;
*Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell ;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.*

100.

[A song of the fifteenth century, somewhat similar to the following, is printed in the "*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*," vol. i., p. 4, from a MS. at Cambridge.]

THE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never eat mustard in all their whole life;
They eat their meat without fork or knife,
And loved to be picking a bone, e-oh!

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night;
The stars they were shining, and all things
bright;

Oh, ho! said the fox, it's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-oh!

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened a while!
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-oh!

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;
I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-oh!

The gray goose she ran round the hay-stack,
Oh, ho! said the fox, you are very fat;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back
From this into yonder wee town, e-oh!

The farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head:
Oh, husband! oh, husband! the geese are all
dead,

For the fox has been through the town, e-oh!

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the
head;

Ah, ha, said the farmer, I think you're quite
dead;

And no more you'll trouble the town, e-oh!

101.

I'LL sing you a song:

The days are long,

The woodcock and the sparrow:

The little dog has burnt his tail,

And he must be hanged to-morrow.

102.

A PRETTY little girl in a round-eared cap
I met in the streets t'other day;

She gave me such a thump,

That my heart it went bump;

I thought I should have fainted away!

I thought I should have fainted away!

103.

[The following lines are part of an old song, the whole of which may be found in "Deuteromelia," 1:00, and also in MS. Additional, 5336, fol. 5.]

O^x all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest by far to me ;
For all the day long she sits on a tree,
And when the night comes away flies she.

104.

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife ?
I have *nothing*, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.



105.

[Part of this is in a song called "Jockey's Lamentation," in the "to Purge Melancholy," 1719, vol. v., p. 317.]

TOM he was a piper's son,
He learn'd to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away;"
Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleas'd both the girls and boys,
And they stopp'd to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep
still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him
prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire
round,"
Till the pail was broke and the milk ran on the
ground.

He met old dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the
joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

106.

As I was going up the hill,
I met with Jack the piper,
And all the tunes that he could play
Was "Tie your clothes up tighter."

I tied them once, I tied them twice,
I tied them three times over;
And all the songs that he could sing
Was "Carry me safe to Dover."

107.

THERE were two birds sat on a stone, /
Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
ONE flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
THE other flew after, and then there was non
Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
AND so the poor stone was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, la, de !

108.

As I was going along, long, long,
A singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, lon
And the song that I sung was as long, long, lon
And so I went singing along.

109.

LONDON bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my lady lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up again with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Huzza! 't will last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

110.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!

111.

[From W. Wager's play, called "The longer thou livest, the more
foole thou art," 4to., Lond.]

THE white dove sat on the castle wall,
I bend my bow and shoot her, I shall;
I put her in my glove, both feathers and all;
I laid my bridle upon the shelf,
If you will any more, sing it yourself.

112.

WOOLEY FOSTER has gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee,
When he comes back he'll marry me,
Bonny Wooley Foster.

Wooley Foster has a cow,
Black and white about the mow,
Open the gates and let her through,
Wooley Foster's ain cow.

Wooley Foster has a hen,
Cockle button, cockle ben,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
But none for Wooley Foster.

113.

The following catch is found in Ben Jonson's "Masque of Oberon,"
and is a most common nursery song at the present day.]

Buz, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee,
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we:
In his ear, in his nose,
Thus, do you see?
He ate the dormouse,
Else it was he.

114.

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.
And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?
And here's a foot for a stocking,
And here is a foot for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.
And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?

115.

As I was walking o'er little Moorfields,
I saw St. Paul's a running on wheels,
With a fee, fo, fum.
Then for further frolics I'll go to France,
While Jack shall sing and his wife shall da
With a fee, fo, fum.

116.

IT's once I courted as pretty a lass,
As ever your eyes did see ;
But now she's come to such a pass,
She never will do for me.
She invited me to her own house,
Where oft I'd been before,
And she tumbled me into the hog-tub,
And I'll never go there any more.

117.

*From "Histrio-mastix, or the Player Whipt," 4to., Lond. 1610. Mr.
Rimbault tells me this is common in Yorkshire.]*

SOME up, and some down,
There's players in the town,
You wot well who they be ;
The sun doth arise,
To three companies,
One, two, three, four, make wee !

Besides we that travel,
With pumps full of gravel,
Made all of such running leather :
That once in a week,
New masters we seek,
And never can hold together.

118.

[Douce, in his MS. Additions to Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland," gives one version of the following song, in which Jack Straw is introduced in the chorus.]

My father he died, but I can't tell you how,
He left me six horses to drive in my plough:
 With my wing wang waddle oh,
 Jack sing saddle oh,
 Blowsey boys bubble oh,
 Under the broom.

I sold my six horses and I bought me a cow,
I'd fain have made a fortune, but did not know
 how:

 With my, &c.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf;
I'd fain have made a fortune, but lost the best
 half:

 With my, &c.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat;
A pretty thing she was, in my chimney corner
 sat:

 With my, &c.

I sold my cat, and bought me a mouse;
He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down my
 house:

 With my, &c.

119.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them ;
Leave them alone, and they 'll come home
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they were all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them ;
She found them, indeed, but it made her heart
bleed,
For they 'd left all their tails behind 'em.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
Under a meadow hard by :
There she espy'd their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heav'd a sigh and wip'd her eye,
And over the hillocks went stump-o ;
And tried *what she could*, as a shepherdess should,
To tack again each to its rump-o.

120.

ABOUT the bush, Willy,
About the bee-hive,
About the bush, Willy,
I'll meet thee alive.

Then to my ten shillings,
Add you but a groat,
I'll go to Newcastle,
And buy a new coat.

Five and five shillings,
Five and a crown ;
Five and five shillings,
Will buy a new gown.

Five and five shillings,
Five and a groat ;
Five and five shillings,
Will buy a new coat.



121.

[The first line of this nursery rhyme is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bonduca," Act v. sc. 2. It is probable also that Sir Toby alludes to this song in "Twelfth Night," Act ii. sc. 2, when he says, "Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song." In "Epu-
lario, or the Italian banquet," 1589, is a receipt "to make pies so that the birds may be alive in them, and flie out when it is cut up," a mere device, live birds being introduced after the pie is made. This may be the original subject of the following song.]

SING a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
*Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?*

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money ;
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey ;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And snapt off her nose.

Jenny was so mad,
She didn't know what to do ;
She put her finger in her ear,
And crack'd it right in two.

*



122.

THERE was a girl in our towne,
Silk an' satin was her gowne,
Silk an' satin, gold an' velvet,
Guess her name, three times I've tell'd it.

II

(85)

123.

[A COFFIN.]

THERE was a man made a thing,
And he that made it did it bring;
But he 't was made for did not know
Whether 't was a thing or no.

124.

[A HEDGEHOG.]

As I went over Lincoln bridge,
I met Mister Rusticap;
Pins and needles on his back,
A going to Thorney fair.

125.

[ONE LEG IS A LEG OF MUTTON; TWO LEGS, A MAN; THREE
LEGS, A STOOL; FOUR LEGS, A DOG.]

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

126.

[A BED.]

FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,
Employed while others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
Nor any wish to keep.

127.

[A CINDER-SIFTER.]

A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.

128.

[A WELL.]

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

129.

[A CHERRY.]

As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a
groat.

130.

ELIZABETH, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest, with five eggs in,
They all took one, and left four in.

131.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

132.

[THE HOLLY TREE.]

Y HIGHTY, tighty, paradighty clothed in green,
The king could not read it, no more could the
queen;
They sent for a wise man out of the East,
Who said it had horns, but was not a beast!

133.

SEE, see! what shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be.

134.

[AN EGG.]

HUMPTY DUMPTY sate on a wall,
Humpty dumpty had a great fall;
Three score men and three score more
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.

135.

[The allusion to Oliver Cromwell satisfactorily fixes the date of this riddle to belong to the seventeenth century.]

[A RAINBOW.]

PURPLE, yellow, red, and green,
The king cannot reach it nor the queen;
Nor can old Noll, whose power's so great:
Tell me this riddle while I count eight.

136.

PEASE-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old,
Spell me *that* in four letters.

137.

As I was going o'er Westminster bridge,
I met with a Westminster scholar;
He pulled off his cap an' drew off his glove,
And wished me a very good morrow.
What *is* his name?

H *

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138.

[From MS. Sloan, 1489, fol. 16, written in the time of Charles I.]

There were three sisters in a hall,
 There came a knight amongst them all ;
 Good morrow, aunt, to the one,
 Good morrow, aunt, to the other,
 Good morrow, gentlewoman, to the third,
 If you were my aunt,
 As the other two be,
 I would say good morrow,
 Then, aunts, all three.

139.

[From the same Manuscript.]

CONGEAL'D water and Cain's brother,
 That was my lover's name, and no other.

140.

[TEETH AND GUMS.]

THIRTY white horses upon a red hill,
 Now they tramp, now they champ, now they
 stand still.

141.

[COALS.]

BLACK we are, but much admired ;
 Men seek for us till they are tired.
 We tire the horse, but comfort man
 Tell me this riddle if you can.

142.

[The man had one eye, and the tree two apples upon it.]

THERE was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies :
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

143.

[CLEOPATRA.]

THE moon nine days old,
The next sign to cancer,
Pat rat without a tail,
And now, sir, for your answer.

144.

[A CANDLE.]

LITTLE Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose ;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

145.

[PAIR OF TONGS.]

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.

146.

[A HORSE-SHOER.]

WHAT shoe-maker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?

Fire and water, earth and air,

Ev'ry customer has two pair.

147.

[CURRANTS.]

HIGGLEDY piggledy

Here we lie,

Pick'd and pluck'd,

And put in a pie.

My first is snapping, snarling, growling,

My second's industrious, romping, and prowling.

Higgledy piggledy

Here we lie,

Pick'd and pluck'd,

And put in a pie.

148.

THOMAS A TATTAMUS took two Ts,

To tie two tups to two tall trees,

To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tattamus!

Tell me how many Ts there are in all THAT.

149.

KING Charles walked and talked

Half an hour after his head was cut off.

150.

[A STAR.]

I HAVE a little sister, they call her peep, peep,
 She wades the waters deep, deep, deep,
 She climbs the mountains high, high, high,
 Poor little creature she has but one eye.

151.

TWELVE pears hanging high,
 Twelve knights riding by;
 Each knight took a pear,
 And yet left eleven there!

152.

[A NEEDLE AND THREAD.]

OLD mother Pitcher had but one eye,
 And a long tail which she let fly;
 And every time she went over a gap,
 She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

153.

[AN EGG.]

IN marble walls as white as milk,
 Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
 Within a fountain crystal clear,
 A golden apple doth appear.
 No doors there are to this strong-hold,
 Yet things break in and steal the gold.

154.

THERE was a king met a king
In a narrow lane,
Says this king to that king,
"Where have you been?"

"Oh! I've been a hunting
With my dog and my doe."

"Pray lend him to me,
That I may do so."

"There's the dog *take* the dog."

"What's the dog's name?"

"I've told you already."

"Pray tell me again."

155.

[A PLUM-PUDDING.]

FLOUR of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a ring.

156.

EVERY lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand,
Five and twenty hands and feet,
All this is true without deceit.

162.

[From Dr. Wallis's "Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae," 12mo., Oxon. 1674, p. 164. This and the following are said to be certain cures for the hiccup if repeated in one breath.]

WHEN a twister a twisting, will twist him a twist;

For the twisting of his twist, he three times doth intwist;

But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,

He twirls, with the twister, the two in a twine:

Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine

He twisteth the twine he hath twined in twain.

The twain that, in twining, before in the twine,

As twines were intwisted; he now doth untwine:

'Twixt the twain inter-twisting a twine more
between,

He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the
twine.

163.

A **THATCHER** of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a
thatching,

Did a thatcher of Thatchwood go to Thatchet a
thatching?

If a thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a
thatching,

Where's the *thatching* the thatcher of *Thatch-*
wood has *thatch'd*?

164.

[Sometimes "off a pewter plate" is added at the end of each line.]

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper
picked?

165.

MY father he left me, just as he was able,
One bowl, one bottle, one lable,
Two bowls, two bottles, two lables,
Three, &c. [*And so on ad. lib. in one breath.*]

166.

[A charm somewhat similar to the following may be seen in the "Townly Mysteries," p. 91. See a paper in the "Archæologia," vol. xxvii. p. 253, by the Rev. Lancelot Sharpe, M. A. See also MS. *Lancel.* 231, fol. 114, and Ady's "Candle in the Dark," 4to. London, 1650, p. 58.]

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Guard the bed that I lay on!
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head;
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away!

167.

[Said to pips placed in the fire; a species of divination practised by children.]

IF you love me, pop and fly;
If you hate me, lay and die.

171.

THERE was an old woman sat spinning,
And that's the first beginning ;
She had a calf,
And that's half ;
She took it by the tail,
And threw it over the wall,
And that's all.

172.

THERE was an old woman, her name it was Peg ;
Her head was of wood, and she wore a cork-leg.
The neighbours all pitch'd her into the water,
Her leg was drown'd first, and her head follow'd
a'ter.

173.

A LITTLE old man of Derby,
How do you think he served me ?
He took away my bread and cheese,
And that is how he served me.

174.

THERE was an old woman in Surrey,
Who was morn, noon, and night in a hurry ;
Call'd her husband a fool,
Drove the children to school,
The worrying old woman of Surrey.

175.

OLD mother Widdle Waddle jumpd out of bed,
And out of the casement she popt out her head;
Crying, the house is on fire, the gray goose is dead,
And the fox he is come to the town, oh!

176.

THERE was an old woman,
And she sold puddings and pies:
She went to the mill,
And the dust flew in her eyes:
Hot pies and cold pies to sell!
Wherever she goes,—
You may follow her by the smell.

177.

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

178.

THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago;
Till, much to his bliss,
His physician said this—
“To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go.”

179.

[From "Infant Institutes," 8vo., London, 1797, p. 15.]

THERE was an old woman toss'd up in a basket,
Nineteen times as high as the moon ;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,
O whither, O whither, O whither so high ?
To brush the cobwebs off the sky !
Shall I go with thee ? Ay, by and by.

180.

THERE was an old man who liv'd in Middle Row,
He had five hens, and a name for them, oh !
Bill and Ned and Battock,
Cut-her-foot and Pattock,
Chuck, my lady Prattock,
Go to thy nest and lay.

181.

THERE was an old woman of Lee's,
Who spent all her time in good deeds ;
She worked for the poor,
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds !

182.

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall;
And that's all.

183.

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's,
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back,
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's,
To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back,
The poor dog was laughing.*

* Probably *loffing* or *loffin*, to complete the rhyme. So in Shakspeare "*Mids. Night's Dream*," act ii., sc. 1:

"And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe."

She went to the sempstress,
To buy him some linen ;
But when she came back,
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's,
To buy him some hose ;
But when she came back,
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow ;
The dame said, your servant,
The dog said, bow, wow.

184.

THERE was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small :
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman
went.

185.

THERE was an old woman of Norwich,
Who lived upon nothing but porridge ;
Parading the town,
She turned cloak into gown,
This thrifty old woman of Norwich.

186.

OLD Betty Blue
Lost a holiday shoe,
What can old Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she may swagger in two.

187.

[The following is part of a comic song called "Success to the Whistle and Wig," intended to be sung in rotation by the members of a club.]

THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John :
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found ;
And there was an end of the three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John !

188.

[The first two lines of the following are the same with those of a song in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. v., p. 13.]

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to mill ;
The miller did swear,
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life !

189.

[The tale on which the following story is founded is found in a MS. of the fifteenth century, in the Chetham Library, at Manchester, and printed in the Reliq. Antiq. vol. ii., p. 196.]

THERE was an old man, who lived in a wood,

As you may plainly see ;

He said he could do as much work in a day,

As his wife could do in three.

With all my heart, the old woman said,

If that you will allow ;

To-morrow you 'll stay at home in my stead,

And I 'll go drive the plough :

But you must milk the Tidy cow,

For fear that she go dry ;

And you must feed the little pigs,

That are within the sty ;

And you must mind the speckled hen,

For fear she lay away ;

And you must reel the spool of yarn

That I spun yesterday.

The old woman took a staff in her hand,

And went to drive the plough :

The old man took a pail in his hand,

And went to milk the cow ;

But Tidy hunched, and Tidy flinched,

And Tidy broke his nose ;

And Tidy gave him such a blow,

That the blood ran down to his toes.

High! Tidy! ho! Tidy! high!

Tidy! do stand still;

If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,

'T will be sore against my will!

He went to feed the little pigs,

That were within the sty;

He hit his head against the beam,

'And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,

For fear she'd lay astray;

And he forgot the spool of yarn

His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the

And the green leaves on the tree,

If his wife didn't do a day's work in her

She should ne'er be ruled by he.

190.

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?

Two old women got up in an apple tree

One came down,

And the other staid till Saturday.



GAMES.

191.

[Rhymes used by children to decide who is to begin a game.]

ONE-ERY, two-ery,
Ziccary zan;
Hollow bone, crack a bone,
Ninery, ten :
Spittery spot,
It must be done ;
Twiddleum twaddleum,
Twenty-one.

(111)

192.

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters ;
Two tee-to-tums totally tired of trying to trot to
 Tadbury ;
Three tall tigers tipping tenpenny tea ;
Four fat friars fanning fainting flies ;
Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for flies ;
Six sportsmen shooting snipes ;
Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe ;
Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils ;
Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinder-boxes
 with ten tenpenny tacks ;
Eleven elephants elegantly equipped ;
Twelve typographical typographers typically
 translating types.

193.

GAY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles's.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells at St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

194.

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
 Apple seed and apple thorn;
 Wine, brier, limber-lock,
 Five geese in a flock,
 Sing and sing by a spring,
 O-U-T, and in again.

195.

[The game of water-skimming is of high antiquity, being mentioned by Julius Pollux, and also by Eustathius, in his commentary upon Homer. Brand quotes a curious passage from Minucius Felix; but all antiquaries seem to have overlooked the very curious notice in Higins' adaptation of Junius's "Nomenclator," 8vo., Lond. 1585, p. 299, where it is called "a duck and a drake, and a halfe-penie cake." Thus it is probable that lines like the following were employed in this game as early as 1585; and it may be that the last line has recently furnished a hint to Mathews in his amusing song in "Patter v. Clatter."]

A Duck and a drake,
 A nice barley-cake,
 With a penny to pay the old baker;
 A hop and a scotch,
 Is another notch,
 Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

196.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
 Little Jackey shall have a new master;
 Little Jackey shall have but a penny a day,
 Because he can't work any faster.

197.

ROGERY MUTTON-PIE, and Johnny Bopeep,
 they met together in Grace-church street;
 and out, in and out, over the way,
 ! says Johnny, 't is chop-nose day.

198.

1. I am a gold lock.
2. I am a gold key.
1. I am a silver lock.
2. I am a silver key.
1. I am a brass lock.
2. I am a brass key.
1. I am a lead lock.
2. I am a lead key.
1. I am a monk lock.
2. I am a monk key!

199.

JACK be nimble,
 And Jack be quick:
 And Jack jump over
 The candle-stick.

200.

[The following is used by schoolboys, when two are about to run a race.]

ONE to make ready,
 And two to prepare;
Here goes the rider,
 And away goes the mare.

201.

[Used in Somersetshire in counting out in the game of pee-wip or pee-wit.]

ONE-ERY, two-ery, hickary, hum,
Fillison, follison, Nicholson, John,
Quever, quauver, Irish Mary,
Stinkarum, stankarum, buck !

202.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To see what Tommy can buy ;
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
And a twopenny apple-pie.

203.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping-horse ;
It trots behind, and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more

204.

WHOO, whoop, and hollow,
Good dogs won't follow,
Without the hare cries " pee wit."

205.

TOM BROWN's two little Indian boys,
One ran away,
The other wouldn't stay,—
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

206.

THERE were two blackbirds,
Sitting on a hill,
The one nam'd Jack,
The other nam'd Jill,
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

207. •

TIP, top, tower,
Tumble down in an hour.

208.

1. I WENT up one pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.
1. I went up two pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.
1. I went into a room.
2. Just like me.
1. I looked out of a window.
2. Just like me.
1. And there I saw a monkey.
2. Just like me.

209.

*TIMBER number nine, this hoop's mine;
mber number ten, take it back again.*

210.

[This is acted by two or more girls, who walk or dance up and down, turning, when they say, "turn, cheeses, turn." The "green cheese," as I am informed, are made with sage and potato-tops. Two girls are said to be "cheese and cheese."]

GREEN cheese, yellow laces,
Up and down the market-places,
Turn, cheeses, turn !

211.

RIDE a cock-horse to Coventry-cross ;
To see what Emma can buy ;
A penny white cake I'll buy for her sake,
And a twopenny tart or a pie.

212.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes.

213

To market ride the gentlemen,
So do we, so do we ;
Then comes the country clown,
Hobbledy gee, Hobbledy gee ;
First go the ladies, nim, nim, nim :
Next come the gentlemen, trim, trim, trim ;
Then come the country clowns, gallop-a-trot.

214.

[Song set to five toes.]

1. LET us go to the wood, says this pig;
2. What to do there? says that pig;
3. To look for my mother, says this pig;
4. What to do with her? says that pig;
5. Kiss her to death, says this pig.

115.

[A number of boys and girls stand round one in the middle, who repeats the following lines, counting the children until one is counted out by the end of the verses.]

RING me (1), ring me (2), ring me rary (3),
 As I go round (4), ring by ring (5),
 A virgin (6) goes a Maying (7),
 Here's a flower (8), and there's a flower (9),
 Growing in my lady's garden (10),
 If you set your foot awry (11),
 Gentle John will make you cry (12),
 If you set your foot amiss (13),
 Gentle John (14) will give you a kiss.

[The child upon whom (14) falls is then taken out and forced to select one of the other sex. The middle child then proceeds.]

This [lady or gentleman] is none of ours,
 Has put [him or her] self in [the selected child's]
 power,
 So clap all hands, and ring all bells, and make
 the wedding o'er. [All clap hands.]

[If the child taken by lot joins in the clapping, the selected child is rejected, and, I think, takes the middle place. Otherwise, I think, there is a salute.]

216.

[Another game, played exclusively by boys. Two, who are fixed upon for the purpose, leave the group, and privately arrange that the pass-word shall be some implement of a particular trade. The trade is announced in the dialogue, and then the fun is, that the unfortunate wight who guesses the "tool," is beaten with the caps of his fellows till he reaches a fixed goal, after which he goes out in turn.]

"Two broken tradesmen,
Newly come over,
The one from France and Scotland,
The other from Dover."
What's your trade?"

[Carpenters, nailors, smiths, tinkers, or any other is answered, and on guessing the instrument, "plane him, hammer him, rasp him, or solder him," is called out respectively during the period of punishment.]

217.

THIS is the key of the kingdom.
In that kingdom there is a city.
In that city there is a town.
In that town there is a street.
In that street there is a lane.
In that lane there is a yard.
In that yard there is a house.
In that house there is a bed.
On that bed there is a basket.
In that basket there are some flowers.
Flowers in the basket, basket in the bed, bed
in the room, &c. &c.

218.

CLAP hands, clap hands,
 Hie Tommy Randy,
 Did you see my good man?
 They call him Cock-a-bandy.

Silken stockings on his legs,
 Silver buckles glancin',
 A sky-blue bonnet on his head,
 And oh, but he is handsome.

219.

[A song set to five fingers.]

1. THIS pig went to market ;
2. This pig staid at home ;
3. This pig had a bit of meat ;
4. And this pig had none ;
5. This pig said, Wee, wee, wee !
 I can't find my way home.

220.

[Children hunting bats.]

BAT, bat, (*clap hands*,)
 Come under my hat,
 And I'll give you a slice of bacon ;
 And when I bake,
 I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

221.

[A game at ball.]

Cuckoo, cherry tree,
 Catch a bird, and give it to me;
 Let the tree be high or low,
 Let it hail, rain, or snow.

222.

[Two of the strongest children are selected, A and B; A stands within a ring of the children, B being outside.]

- A. Who is going round my sheepfold?
 B. Only poor old Jacky Lingo.
 A. Don't steal any of my black sheep.
 B. No, no more I will, only by one,
 Up, says Jacky Lingo. (*Strikes one.*)

[The child struck leaves the ring, and takes hold of B behind; B in the same manner takes the other children, one by one, gradually increasing his tail on each repetition of the verses, until he has got the whole: A then tries to get them back; B runs away with them; they try to shelter themselves behind B; A drags them off, one by one, setting them against a wall, until he has recovered all. A regular tearing game as children say.]

223.

HIGHTY cock O!
 To London we go,
 To York we ride;
 And Edward has pussy-cat tied to his side;
 He shall have little dog tied to the other,
 And then he goes trid trod to see his grand
 mother.

224.

Children stand round, and are counted one by one, by means of this rhyme. The child upon whom the last number falls is *out*, for "Hide or seek," or any other game where a victim is required. A cock and bull story of this kind is related of the historian Josephus. There are other versions of this, and one may be seen in "Blackwood's Magazine" for August, 1831, p. 36.]

HICKORY (1), Dickory (2), Dock (3)
 The mouse ran up the clock (4),
 The clock struck one (5),
 The mouse was gone (6);
 O (7), U (8), T (9), spells out.

225.

HINK spink, the puddings clink,
 The fat begins to fry,
 Nobody at home, but jumping Joan,
 Father, mother, and I.
 Stick, stock, stone dead,
 Blind man can't see,
 Every knave will have a slave,
 You or I must be he.

226.

From "Bracebridge Hall," 8vo., London, 1822, vol. ii. p. 37. A Fox. a children's game, where all the little actors are seated in a circle, the following stanza is used as question and answer:]

Who goes round my house this night?
 None but bloody Tom!
 Who steals all the sheep at night?
None but this poor one.

227.

SEE-SAW, jack a daw,
What is a craw to do wi' her ?
She has not a stocking to put on her,
And the craw has not one for to gi' her.

228.

[The following lines are sung by children when starting for a race.]

Good horses, bad horses,
What is the time of day ?
Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Now fare you away.

229.

[The following is a game played as follows : A string of boys and girls, each holding by his predecessor's skirts, approaches two others, who with joined and elevated hands form a double arch. After the dialogue, the line passes through, and the last is caught by a sudden lowering of the arms—if possible.]

How many miles is it to Babylon?—
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?—
Yes, and back again !
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light.

230.

SEE-SAW sacradown,
Which is the way to London town ?
One foot up, and the other down,
And that is the way to London town.

231.

stands with a row of girls (her daughters) behind her ; a, a suitor,
advances.]

TRIP trap over the grass : If you please will you
let one of your [eldest] daughters come,
Come and dance with me ?

I will give you pots and pans, I will give
you brass,

I will give you anything for a pretty lass.
says " No."

I will give you gold and silver, I will give
you pearl,

I will give you anything for a pretty girl.
Take one, take one, the fairest you may see.
The fairest one that I can see

Is pretty Nancy,—come to me.

[a carries one off, and says :]

You shall have a duck, my dear,
And you shall have a drake,
And you shall have a young man apprentice
for your sake.

[Children say.]

f this young man should happen to die,
And leave this poor woman a widow,
The bells shall all ring, and the birds shall all
sing,

And we'll all clap hands together.

[So it is repeated until the whole are taken.]

L *



232.

[The "Three Knights of Spain" is a game played in nearly the same manner as the preceding. The *dramatis personæ* form themselves in two parties, one representing a courtly dame and her daughters, the other the suitors of the daughters. The last party, moving backwards and forwards, with their arms entwined, approach and recede from the mother party, which is stationary, singing to a very sweet air. See Chambers' "Popular Rhymes," p. 66.]

Suitors.

WE are three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.

Mother.

My daughter Jane she is too young,
And has not learned her mother-tongue.

Suitors.

Be she young, or be she old,
For her beauty she must be sold.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Mother.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight;
And rub thy spurs till they be bright.

Suitors.

Of my spurs take you no thought,
For in this town they were not bought.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Mother.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And take the fairest in your sight.

Suitor.

The fairest maid that I can see
Is pretty Nancy,—come to me.

Here comes your daughter safe and sound,
Every pocket with a thousand pound;
Every finger with a gay gold ring;
Please to take your daughter in.

233.

[A string of children, hand in hand, stand in a row. A child (A) stands in front of them, as leader; two other children (B and C) form an arch, each holding both the hands of the other.]

A. DRAW a pail of water,
For my lady's daughter;
My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,
My two little sisters are dress'd in green,
Stamping grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies.

B. One rush, two rush,
Pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush.

[A passes by under the arch, followed by the whole string of children, the last of whom is taken captive by B and C. The verses are repeated until all are taken.]

234.

[The following seems to belong to the last game; but it is usually found by itself in the small books of children's rhymes.]

SIEVE my lady's oatmeal,
Grind my lady's flour,
Put it in a chesnut,
Let it stand an hour;
One may rush, two may rush,
Come, my girls, walk under the bush.

235.

QUEEN ANNE, Queen Anne, you sit in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as white as a wand.
I send you three letters, and pray read one,
You must read one, if you can't read all,
So pray, Miss or Master, throw up the ball.

236.

Is John Smith within?—

Yes, that he is.

Can he set a shoe?—

Ay, marry, two,

Here a nail, there a nail,

Tick tack, too.

237.

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,

As I have heard them say,

And they would go a-hunting

Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,

And nothing could they find

But a ship a-sailing,

A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,

The other he said, nay ;

The third said it was a house,

With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,

And nothing could they find

But the moon a-gliding,

A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,

The other he said, nay ;

The third said it was a cheese,

And half o't cut away.

238.

[One child holds a wand to the face of another, repeating the and making grimaces, to cause the latter to laugh, and so to the those who laugh paying a forfeit.]

BUFF says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again ;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next]

239.

[A song to a nursery dance.]

HEY, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat,
He 'll earn a shilling,
Or he 'll spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
That I got from miller.

240.

[Game with the hands.]

PEASE-PUDDING hot,
Pease-pudding cold,
Pease-pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

241.

[A game on the slate.]

EGGS, butter, cheese, bread,
 Stick, stock, stone, dead !
 Stick him up, stick him down,
 Stick him in the old man's crown !

242.

[In the following childish amusement, one extends his arm, and the other in illustration of the narrative, strikes him gently with the side of his hand at the shoulder and wrist ; and then at the word "middle," with considerable force, on the flexor muscles at the elbow-joint.]

My father was a Frenchman,
 He brought to me a fiddle,
 He cut me here, he cut me here,
 He cut me right in the middle.

243.

[The game of the confessional, as shown in shadows on the wall.]

"GOOD-MORROW to you, father,
 I'm come to confess."
 "Good-morrow to you, child,
 Pray what have you done?"
 "Last night I bought some fish,
 And I put it in a dish,
 And the cat stole the fish,
 And I killed the cat
 For doing of that."
 "Oh ! that was a sad crime, indeed,
 You must do penance for that."
 "Pray, what must I do ?
 Kiss your old father," &c.

244.

[The two following are fragments of a game called "The Lady Land," a complete version of which has not fallen in my w

HERE comes a poor woman from baby-land
With three small children in her hand:
One can brew, the other can bake,
The other can make a pretty round cake.
One can sit in the garden and spin,
Another can make a fine bed for the king
Pray, ma'am, will you take one in?

245.

I CAN make diet bread,
Thick and thin;
I can make diet bread,
Fit for the king.

246.

HERE we come a piping,
First in spring, and then in May,
The queen she sits upon the sand,
Fair as a lily, white as a wand:
King John has sent you letters three,
And begs you'll read them unto me.—
We can't read one without them all,
So pray, Miss Bridget, deliver the ball'

247.

[This game begins thus : Take this—What's this?—A gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog, &c.]

TWELVE huntsmen with horns and hounds,
Hunting over other men's grounds !
Eleven ships sailing o'er the main,
Some bound for France and some for Spain :
I wish them all safe home again :
Ten comets in the sky,
Some low and some high ;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there :
I do not know, and I do not care ;
Eight joiners in joiner's hall,
Working with the tools and all :
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish ;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple-stall ;
Five puppies and our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call ;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog ;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog,
With a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

248.

THE first day of Christmas
My mother sent to me
A partridge in a pear-tree.
The second day of Christmas
My mother sent to me
Two turtle-doves and a partridge in a pear-tree.
The third, &c.
Three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.
The fourth, &c.
Four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, &c.
The fifth, &c.
Five gold rings, &c.
The sixth, &c.
Six geese a-laying, &c.
The seventh, &c.
Seven swans a-swimming, &c.
The eighth, &c.
Eight ladies dancing, &c.
The ninth, &c.
Nine lords a-leaping, &c.
The tenth, &c.
Ten ships a-sailing, &c.

The eleventh, &c.

Eleven ladies spinning, &c.

The twelfth, &c.

Twelve bells ringing, &c.

[Each child in succession repeats the gifts of the day, and forfeits for each mistake. This accumulative process is a favourite with children; in early writers, such as Homer, the repetition of messages, &c. pleases on the same principle.]

249.

DANCE, Thumbkin, dance,

[Keep the thumb in motion.]

Dance, ye merrymen, every one:

[All the fingers in motion.]

For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,

[The thumb only moving.

Thumbkin, he can dance alone.

[*Ditto.*

Dance, Foreman, dance,

[The first finger moving.

Dance, ye merrymen, every one;

[The whole moving.

But Foreman, he can dance alone,

Foreman, he can dance alone.

[And so on with the others—naming the 2d finger *Longman*—the 3d finger *Ringman*—and the 4th finger *Littleman*. Littleman cannot dance alone.]

250.

[An exercise during which the fingers of the child are enumerated.]

THUMBIKIN, Thumbikin, broke the barn,
Pinnikin, Pinnikin, stole the corn,
Long-back'd Gray
Carried it away.
Old Mid-man sat and saw,
But Peesy-weesy, paid for a'.

251.

HICKERY, dickery, 6 and 7,
Alabone Crackabone, 10 and 11,
Spin span muskidan;
Twiddle 'um twaddle 'um, 21.



PARADOXES.

252.

[The following is quoted in Parkin's reply to Dr. Stukeley's second number of "Origines Roystonianæ," 4to. London, 1748, p. vi.]

PETER WHITE will nee'r go right ;
 Would you know the reason why ?
 He follows his nose where'er he goes,
 And that stands all awry.

253.

O THAT I was where I would be,
 Then would I be where I am not !
 But where I am I must be,
 And where I would be I cannot.

M *

(137)

254.

[The following was sung to the tune of Chevy Chase. It was taken from a poetical tale in the "Choyce Poems," 12mo., London, 1682, the music to which may be seen in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, vol. iv., p. 1.]

THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drown'd.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

255.

THERE was a man of Newington,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a quickset hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes;
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another hedge,
And scratch'd 'em in again.

256.

IF all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

257.

[The following occurs in a MS. of the seventeenth century in the Sloane collection, the reference to which I have unfortunately mislaid.]

THE man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

258.

[The conclusion of the following resembles a verse in the nursery history of Mother Hubbard.]

THERE was an old woman, and what do you
think?

She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
This plaguy old woman could never be quiet.

She went to the baker, to buy her some bread,
And when she came home her old husband was
dead;

She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old husband was
well.

259.

THERE was an old woman had nothing,
And there came thieves to rob her ;
When she cried out she made no noise,
But all the country heard her.

260.

THERE was a little Guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big ;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay ;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd, and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent :
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died ;
And, as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.



LULLABIES.

261.

HUSHY baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk
by and bye ;
Or, perhaps you like custard, or may-be a
tart,—
Then to either you 're welcome, with all my
whole heart.

(141)

352.

DAVEY BABY DABLY,
 What can a mummy do wife,
 But sit in a lap,
 And give 'in a pap?
 Sing davey baby dably.

353.

BACK-2-BACK, baby, thy cradle is green;
 Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
 And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring
 And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for
 king.

354.

BYE, O my baby!
 When I was a lady,
 O then my poor baby didn't cry!
 But my baby is weeping,
 For want of good keeping,
 Oh, I fear my poor baby will die!

265.

HUSH a bye a ba lamb,
 Hush a bye a milk cow,
 You shall have a little stick
 To beat the naughty bow-wow.

266.

HUSH thee, my babby,
Lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To grind thee some wheat,
To make thee some meat,
And so, my dear babby, lie still.

267.

HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary ;
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy ;
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

268.

I won't be my father's Jack,
I won't be my mother's Gill,
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will.
T' other little tune,
T' other little tune,
Pr'ythee, love, play me
T' other little tune.

269.

RIDE, baby, ride !
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side,
And little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her grandmo-
ther,
To see her grandmother.
To see her grandmother.

270.

HUSH a bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock ;
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

271.

BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy 's gone a hunting,
To get a little hare's skin,
To wrap a baby bunting in.

272.

WHISKUM whaskum,
over the knee ;
Thank you, mamma,
for slapping of me.

273.

NCE, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by;
Now and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go;
to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round;
nce, little baby, and mother will sing,
With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding!

274.

the following is quoted in Florio's "New World of Words," fol.,
London, 1611, p. 3.]

To market, to market,
To buy a plum-bun:
Home again, come again,
Market is done.

275.

DANCE to your daddy,
My little babby,
Dance to your daddy,
My little lamb.

You shall have a fishy
In a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy
When the boat comes in.

276.

TOM shall have a new bonnet,
With blue ribands to tie on it,
With a hush-a-bye and a lull-a-baby,
Who so like to Tommy's daddy?

277.

BYE, baby bumpkin,
Where's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin.

278.

[From "The Pleasant Comœdie of Patient Grissell," 1603.]

HUSH, hush, hush, hush!
And I dance mine own child,
And I dance mine own child,
Hush hush, hush, hush!

279.

GIVE me a blow, and I'll beat 'em.
Why did they vex my baby?
Kissy, kiss, kissy, my honey,
And cuddle your nurse, my dear.



JINGLES.

280.

[The first line of the following is the burden of a song in the "Tempest," act i., sc. 2. and also of one in the "Merchant of Venice," act iii., sc. 2.]

DING, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?—
Little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?—
Dog with long snout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy-cat,
Who never did any harm,
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.

(147)

281.

HEY ding a ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four and twenty,—my stomach is empt,
Pray, mamma, give me some dinner.

282.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo!

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick,
For dame and doodle doo.

Cock a doodle doo!
Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratch'd her head,
And can't tell what to do.

283.

LITTLE Tee Wee,
He went to sea
In an open boat;
And while afloat,
The little boat bended,
And my story's ended.

284.

SING, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat has eaten the pudding-string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bit it quite in two.

285.

[I do not know whether the following may have reference to the
je of handy-dandy, mentioned in "King Lear," act iv., sc. 6, and in
orio's "New World of Words," 1611, p. 57.]

HANDY SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

286.

TIDDLE liddle lightum,
Pitch and tar;
Tiddle liddle lightum,
What's that for?

287.

SING jigmijole, the pudding-bowl,
The table and the frame;
My master he did cudgel me
For kissing of my dame.

288.

DIBBITY, dibbity, dibbity, doe,
Give me a pancake,
And I'll go.
Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, ditte,
Please to give me
A bit of a fritter.

289.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

290.

FEEDUM, fiddledum fee,
The cat's got into the tree.
Pussy, come down,
Or I'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

291.

GILLY Silly Jarter,
Who has lost a garter?
In a shower of rain,
The miller found it,
The miller ground it,
And the miller gave it to Sally again.

292.

HUB a dub dub,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker,
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

293.

HYDER iddle diddle dell,
A yard of pudding's not an ell;
Not forgetting tweedle-dye,
A tailor's goose will never fly.

294.

diddle, dinkety, poppety, pet,
merchants of London they wear scarlet;
in the collar, and gold in the hem,
nerrily march the merchantmen.

295.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the humble-bee.
They went to the church, and married was she,
The fly has married the humble-bee.

296.

HEY, dorolot, dorolot !
Hey, dorolay, dorolay !
Hey, my bonny boat, bonny boat,
Hey, drag away, drag away !

297.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm ;
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,
The mouse has married the humble-bee ;
Pipe, cat,—dance, mouse,
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

298.

HEY ! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laugh'd
To see such craft,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

299.

COME dance a jig
To my Granny's pig,
With a raudy, rowdy, dowdy ;
Came dance a jig
To my Granny's pig,
And pussy-cat shall crowdy.

300.

DOODLEDY, doodledy, doodledy, dan,
I'll have a piper to be my good man ;
And if I get less meat, I shall get game,
Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan.

301.

PUSSICAT, wussicat, with a white foot,
When is your wedding ? for I'll come to 't.
The beer 's to brew, the bread 's to bake.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, don't be too late.

302.

DING, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow ;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hang'd to-morrow.

303.

LITTLE Dicky Dilver
 Had a wife of silver.
 He took a stick and broke her back,
 And sold her to the miller;
 The miller wouldn't have her,
 So he threw her in the river.

304.

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
 Home again, home again, dancing a jig;
 Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
 Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

305.

RUMPTY-IDDITY, row, row, row,
 If I had a good supper, I could eat it now.

306.

(Magotty-pie is given in MS. Lansd. 1033, fol. 2, as a Wiltshire word for a magpie. See also "Macbeth," act iii. sc. 4. The same term occurs in the dictionaries of Hollyband, Cotgrave, and Minsheu.)

ROUND about, round about,
 Magotty-pie,
 My father loves good ale,
 And so do I.



LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

307.

As I was going up Pippin-hill,
Pippin-hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropt me a curtsey.

Little miss, pretty miss,
Blessings light upon you!
If I had half-a-crown a day,
I'd spend it all on you.

(155)

308.

TOMMY TROT, a man of law,
Sold his bed and lay upon straw :
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

309.

“JOHN, come sell thy fiddle,
And buy thy wife a gown.”
“No, I’ll not sell my fiddle,
For ne’er a wife in town.”

310.

UP hill and down dale ;
Butter is made in every vale ;
And if that Nancy Cook
Is a good girl,
She shall have a spouse,
And make butter anon,
Before her old grandmother
Grows a young man.

311.

ROWLEY POLEY, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry :
When the girls begin to cry,
Rowley Poley runs away.

312.

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry me;
If twenty won't, forty shall,
I am my mother's bouncing girl!

313.

"WHERE have you been all the day,
My boy Willy?"

"I've been all the day,
Courting of a lady gay:
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her mammy."

"What work can she do,
My boy Willy?
Can she bake and can she brew,
My boy Willy?"

"She can brew and she can bake,
And she can make our wedding-cake:
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her mammy."

"What age may she be? What age may she be?
My boy Willy?"

"Twice two, twice seven,
Twice ten, twice eleven:
But oh, she's too young
To be taken from her mammy."

314.

MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop a dreary dun;
Master I have, and I am his man,
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can;
With a heighly gaily gamberally,
Higgledy piggledy, niggledy, niggledy,
Gallop a dreary dun.

315.

A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
Forty good shillings and three;
Is that not enough tocher
For a shoemaker's daughter,
A bonny lass with a black e'e?

316.

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"To-morrow will be Monday."

317.

LITTLE Jack Jingle,
He used to live single:
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single, and liv'd with his w

318.

[This is part of a little work called "Authentic Memoirs of the little Man and the little Maid, with some interesting particulars of their lives," which I suspect is more modern than the following. Walpole printed a small broadside containing a different version.]

THERE was a little man,
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed,
I have little more to say,
Than will you, yea or nay,
For least said is soonest mended-ded, ded, ded."
The little maid replied,
Some say a little sighed,
"But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

319.

O, the little rusty, dusty, rusty miller!
I'll not change my wife for either gold or siller.

320.

DID you see my wife, did you see, did you see,
Did you see my wife looking for me!
She wears a straw bonnet, with white ribands
on it,
And dimity petticoats over her knee.



321.

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They lick'd the platter clean.

322.

LITTLE Jack Dandy-prat was my first suitor,
He had a dish and a spoon, and he'd some
pewter;
He'd linen and woollen, and woollen and linen,
A little pig in a string cost him five shilling.

323.

CURLY locks ! curly locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the
swine ;

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream.

324.

GILES COLLINS he said to his old mother,
"Mother, come bind up my head ;
And send to the parson of our parish,
For to-morrow I shall be dead, dead,
For to-morrow I shall be dead."

His mother she made him some water-gruel,
And stirred it round with a spoon ;
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
And died before 't was noon, noon,
And died before 't was noon.

Lady Anna was sitting at her window,
Mending her night-robe and coif ;
She saw the very prettiest corpse,
She 'd seen in all her life, life,
She 'd seen in all her life.

"What bear ye there, ye six strong men,
Upon your shoulders so high ?"
"We bear the body of Giles Collins,
Who for love of you did die, die,
Who for love of you did die."

"Set him down! set him down!" Lady Anna
she cried,

"On the grass that grows so green;
To-morrow before the clock strikes ten,
My body shall lie by his'n, his'n,
My body shall lie by his'n."

Lady Anna was buried in the east,
Giles Collins was buried in the west;
There grew a lily from Giles Collins
That touch'd Lady Anna's breast, breast,
That touch'd Lady Anna's breast.

There blew a cold north-easterly wind,
And cut this lily in twain;
Which never there was seen before,
And it never will again, again,
And it never will again.

325.

On Saturday night,
Shall be all my care
To powder my locks
And curl my hair.

On Sunday morning
My love will come in,
When he will marry me
With a gold ring.

326.

"LITTLE maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou?"
 "Down in the forest to milk my cow."
 "Shall I go with thee?" "No, not now;
 When I send for thee, then come thou."

327.

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
 And so will pigs and swine;
 Rats and mice will have their choice,
 And so will I have mine.

328.

[The practice of sowing hempseed on Allhallows Even is often alluded to by early writers, and Gay, in his "Pastorals," quotes part of the following lines as used on that occasion.]

HEMP-SEED I set,
 Hemp-seed I sow,
 The young man that I love,
 Come after me and mow!

329.

OH! mother, I shall be married to Mr. Punchinello.
 To Mr. Punch,
 To Mr. Joe,
 To Mr. Nell,
 To Mr. Lo,
 Mr. Punch, Mr. Joe,
Mr. Nell, Mr. Lo,
To Mr. Punchinello.

330.

DUSTY was the coat,
Dusty was the collar,
Dusty was the kiss
Of my charming miller.
If I had my pockets
Full of gold and siller,
I would give it all
To my charming miller.
If I had, &c.

331.

"MADAM, I am come to court you,
If your favour I can gain."
"Ah, ah!" said she, "you are a bold fellow,
If I e'er see your face again!"
"Madam, I have rings and diamonds,
Madam, I have houses and land,
Madam, I have a world of treasure,
All shall be at your command."
"I care not for rings and diamonds,
I care not for houses and lands,
I care not for a world of treasure,
So that I have but a handsome man."
"Madam, you think much of beauty,
Beauty hasteneth to decay,
For the fairest of flowers that grow in summer
ill decay and fade away."

332.

[This nursery song may probably commemorate a part of Tom Thumb's history, extant in a little Danish work, treating of "Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and three quarters long." See Mr. Thoms' preface to "Tom & Lincoln," p. xi.]

I HAD a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum.

I bought a little horse,
That galloped up and down ;
I bridled him, and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief,
To wipe his pretty nose.

333.

CAN you make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme ;
Without any seam or needlework ?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, &c.
Are never sprung water, nor rain ever fell ?
And you, &c.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, &c.
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born?
And you, &c.

Now you have ask'd me questions three,
Parsley, &c.
I hope you'll answer as many for me,
And you, &c.

Can you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, &c.
Between the salt water and the sea sand?
And you, &c.

Can you plough it with a ram's horn,
Parsley, &c.
And sow it all over with one pepper-corn?
And you, &c.

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, &c.
And bind it up with a peacock's feather?
And you, &c.

When you have done and finish'd your work,
Parsley, &c.
Then come to me for your cambric shirt,
And you, &c.

334.

LITTLE Tom Dandy
Was my first suitor,
He had a spoon and dish,
And a little pewter.

335.

LITTLE John Jiggy Jag,
He rode a penny nag,
And went to Wigan to woo:
When he came to a beck,
He fell and broke his neck,—
Johnny, how dost thou now?

I made him a hat,
Of my coat-lap,
And stockings of pearly blue:
A hat and a feather,
To keep out cold weather;
So, Johnny, how dost thou now?

336.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling a'ter.

337.

[The following version is taken from Douce's MS. additions to Ritson, but the more common one commences "When I was a bachelor I lived by myself."]

THERE was a little pretty lad,
And he lived by himself,
And all the meat he got
He put upon a shelf.

The rats and the mice
Did lead him such a life,
That he went to Ireland
To get himself a wife.

The lanes they were so broad,
And the fields they were so narrow,
He couldn't get his wife home
Without a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
My wife she got a kick,
The deuce take the wheelbarrow,
That spared my wife's neck.



NATURAL HISTORY.

338.

THE cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear;
And when he sings "cuckoo!"
The summer is near.

339.

THE cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,
The mistress snored loud as a pig :
Jack took up his fiddle, by Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig.

340.

I HAD a little hobby-horse, and it was well shod,
It carried me to the mill-door, trod, trod, trod ;
When I got there I gave a great shout,
Down came the hobby-horse, and I cried out.
Fie upon the miller, he was a great beast,
He would not come to my house, I made a little
feast,
I had but little, but I would give him some,
For playing of his bag-pipes and beating his
drum.

341

I HAD a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell,
I gave him some work, and he did it very well ;
I sent him up-stairs to pick up a pin,
He stepped in the coal-scuttle up to the chin ;
I sent him to the garden to pick some sake,
He tumbled down and fell in a rage ;
I sent him to the cellar, to draw a pot of beer,
He came up again and said there was none there.

342.

[The snail scoops out hollows, little rotund chambers, in limestone, for its residence. This habit of the animal is so important in its effects, as to have attracted the attention of geologists, and Dr. Buckland alluded to it at the meeting of the British Association in 1841. See Chambers' "Popular Rhymes," p. 43. The following rhyme is a boy's invocation to the snail to come out of such holes.]

SNAIL, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.

343.

SNEEL, snaul,
Robbers are coming to pull down your wall;
Sneel, snaul,
Put out your horn,
Robbers are coming to steal your corn,
Coming at four o'clock in the morn.

344.

SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by, and she popped her head in;
"Shall I come in, and cut your threads off?"
"Oh! no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off."

345.

BURNIE bee, burnie bee,
Tell me when your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

346.

THE sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The dish jump'd over the table,
To see the pot with the ladle.
The broom behind the butt
Call'd the dish-clout a nasty slut :
Odds-bobs, says the gridiron, can't you agree?
I'm the head constable,—come along with me.

347.

“WHAT do they call you?”
“Patchy Dolly.”
“Where were you born?”
“In the cow's born.”
“Where were you bred?”
“In the cow's head.”
“Where will you die?”
“In the cow's eye.”

348.

As I went over the water,
The water went over with me.
I saw two little blackbirds sitting on a tree:
The one called me a rascal,
The other called me a thief;
I took up my little black stick, and knocked
out all their teeth.

349

UR and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
e best man among them durst not touch her
tail ;
e put out her horns like a little Kyloe cow,
n, tailors, run, or she 'll kill you all e'en now.

350.

[A Dorsetshire version.]

WAS the twenty-ninth of May, 't was a holiday,
ur and twenty tailors set out to hunt a snail ;
e snail put forth his horns, and roared like
a bull,
way ran the tailors, and catch the snail who
wull.

351.

GRAY goose and gander,
Waft your wings together ;
And carry the good king's daughter
Over the one strand river.

352.

USSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you been ?
've been up to London to look at the queen.
ussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there ?
frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

353.

I HAD a little dog, and they called him Buff;
I sent him to the shop for a hap'orth of snuff;
But he lost the bag, and spill'd the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

354.

ALL of a row,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

355.

THE cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

356.

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Whisky, wasky, weedle ;
And every word he ever spoke
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
Whisky, whasky, wheedle ;
Says he, " I'll shoot you, silly bird,"
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

357.

A PIE sate on a pear tree,
 A pie sate on a pear tree,
 A pie sate on a pear tree,
 Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!
 Once so merrily hopp'd she,
 Twice so merrily hopp'd she,
 Thrice so merrily hopp'd she,
 Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!

358.

CATCH him, crow! carry him, kite!
 Take him away till the apples are ripe;
 When they are ripe and ready to fall,
 Home comes { Tommy }
 { Johnny } apples and all.
 { Baby }

359.

[An ancient cuckoo song still sung in Suffolk.]

Cuckoo, Cuckoo,
 What do you do?
 In April In May
 I open my bill; I sing night and day;
 In June In July
 I change my tune; Away I fly;
 In August
 Away I must.

360.

"ROBERT BARNES, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?"
"Yes, good sir, that I can,
As well as any other man:
There's a nail, and there's a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod."

361.

[Ancient Suffolk song for a bad singer.]

THERE was an old crow
Sat upon a clod:
There's an end of my song,
That's odd!

362.

DICKERY, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

363.

HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.

364.

LITTLE Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a rail :
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

365.

LITTLE Robin Red-breast,
Sat upon a birdle ;
With a pair of speckle legs,
And a green girdle.

366.

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG kill'd a calf,
Peter Henderson got the half ;
Willy Wilkinson got the head, ,
Ring the bell, the calf is dead !

367.

HIE hie, says Anthony,
Puss in the pantry
Gnawing, gnawing
A mutton mutton-bone ;
See how she fumbles it,
See how she mumbles it,
See how she tosses
The mutton mutton-bone.

368.

A LONG-TAIL'D pig, or a short-tail'd pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail,
A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.

369.

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop ;
So I cried, little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop ?
And was going to the window
To say, how do you do ?
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew. .

370.

[The following stanza is of very considerable antiquity and is common in Yorkshire. See Hunter's "Hallamshire Glossary," p. 56.]

LADY-COW, lady-cow, fly thy way home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone,
All but one that ligs under a stone,
Ply thee home, lady-cow, ere it be gone.

371.

RIDDLE me, riddle me, ree,
A hawk sate upon a tree ;
And he says to himself, says he,
La ! what a fine bird I be !

372.

Pussy-cat Mole,
Jump'd over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

373.

As I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honour.

374.

There was a piper, he'd a cow,
And he'd no hay to give her;
He took his pipes and played a tune,
Consider, old cow, consider!

The cow considered very well,
For she gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again,
Of corn rigs are bonnie!

375.

There was a little one-eyed gunner,
Who kill'd all the birds that died last summer.

376.

As titty mouse sat in the witty to spin,
Pussy came to her and bid her good ev'n,
"Oh, what are you doing, my little 'oman?"
"A spinning a doublet for my gude man!"
"Then shall I come to thee and wind up thy
thread?"
"Oh no, Mrs. Puss, you'll bite off my head."

377.

SHOE the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet she goes bare.

378.

BETTY PRINGLE had a little pig,
Not very little and not very big,
When he was alive he lived in clover,
But now he's dead, and that's all over.
So Billy Pringle he laid down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she laid down and died;
So there was an end of one, two, and three:
Billy Pringle he,
Betty Pringle she,
And the piggy wiggy.

379.

PITTY Patty Polt,
 Shoe the wild colt;
 Here a nail,
 And there a nail,
 Pitty, Patty, Polt.

380.

How d' 'e dogs, how? whose dog art thou?
 Little Tom Tinker's dog! what's that to thou?
 Hiss! bow, a wow, wow!

381.

[The following song is given in Whiter's "Specimen for a Commentary on Shakspeare," 8vo., Lon. 1794, p. 19, as common in Cambridge-shire and Norfolk. Dr. Farmer gives another version as an illustration of a ditty of Jacques in "As You Like It," act ii., sc. 5. See Malone's Shakspeare, ed, 1821, vol. vi., p. 398; Caldecott's "Specimen," 1819, note on "As You Like It," p. 11; and Douce's "Illustrations," vol. i., p. 279.]

DAME, what makes your ducks to die?
 What the pize ails 'em? what the pize ails 'em?
 They kick up their heels, and there they lie,
 What the pize ails 'em now?
 Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!
 Dame, what makes your ducks to die?
 What a pize ails 'em? what a pize ails 'em?
 Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!
 Dame, what ails your ducks to die?
 Eating o' polly-wigs, eating o' polly-wigs.
Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!

382.

JACK SPRAT's pig,
He was not very little
Nor yet very big;
He was not very lean,
He was not very fat;
He'll do well for a grunt,
Says little Jack Sprat.

383.

[The proverb of Barnaby Bright is given by Ray and Brand as referring to St. Barnabas.]

BARNABY BRIGHT he was a sharp cur,
He always would bark if a mouse did but stir;
But now he's grown old, and can no longer
bark,
He's condemn'd by the parson to be hang'd by
the clerk.

384.

PUSSY-CAT eat the dumplings, the dumplings
Pussy-cat eat the dumplings.
Mamma stood by,
And cried, Oh, fie!
Why did you eat the dumplings?

385.

SNAIL, snail, put out your horns,
I'll give you bread and barleycorns.



ACCUMULATIVE STORIES.

386.

I **SELL** you the key of the king's garden :
I sell you the string that ties the key, &c.
I sell you the rat that gnawed the string, &c.
I sell you the cat that caught the rat, &c.
I sell you the dog that bit the cat, &c.

(183)

387.

[Traditional pieces are frequently so ancient, that possibility will not be outraged by conjecturing the John Ball of the following piece to be the priest who took so distinguished a part in the rebellion temp. of Richard II.]

JOHN BALL shot them all ;

John Scott made the shot,

But John Ball shot them all.

John Wyming made the priming,

And John Brammer made the rammer,

And John Scott made the shot,

But John Ball shot them all.

John Block made the stock,

And John Brammer made the rammer,

And John Wyming made the priming,

And John Scott made the shot,

But John Ball shot them all.

John Crowder made the powder,

And John Block made the stock,

And John Wyming made the priming,

And John Brammer made the rammer,

And John Scott made the shot,

But John Ball shot them all.

John Puzzle made the muzzle,

And John Crowder made the powder,

And John Block made the stock,

And John Wyming made the priming,

And John Brammer made the rammer,

And John Scott made the shot,

But John Ball shot them all.

John Clint made the flint,
And John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Patch made the match,
John Clint made the flint,
John Puzzle made the muzzle,
John Crowder made the powder,
John Block made the stock,
John Wyming made the priming,
John Brammer made the rammer,
John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

388.

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

Q *

4. This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

5. This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

6. This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

7. This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

3. Then came *the dog*, and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
4. Then came *the staff*, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
5. Then came *the fire*, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

Then came *the water*, and quenched the fire
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came *the ox*, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :

A kid, a kid.

8. Then came *the butcher*, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :

A kid, a kid.

9. Then came *the angel of death*, and killed the
butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money :
 A kid, a kid.

1. Then came the *Holy One*, blessed be He !
 And killed the angel of death,
 That killed the butcher,
 That slew the ox,
 That drank the water,
 That quenched the fire,
 That burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money :
 A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation :

1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.
2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.
3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.
4. The staff signifies the Persians.
5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.
6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchs whose dominions the Jews were subjected.
7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

390.

“AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. ‘What,’ said she, ‘shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig.’ As she was coming home, she came to a stile; the piggy would not go over the stile.

“She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog, ‘Dog! bite pig; piggy won’t go over the stil; and I shan’t get home to night.’ But the dog would not.

“She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said, ‘Stick! stick! beat dog; dog won’t bite pig; piggy won’t get over the stile; and I shan’t get home to night.’ But the stick would not.

“She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said, ‘Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won’t beat dog; dog won’t bite pig,’ (*and so forth, always repeating the foregoing words.*) But the fire would not.

"She went a little further; and she met some water. So she said, 'Water! water! quench fire; fire won't burn stick.' But the water would not.

"She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said, 'Ox! ox! drink water; water won't quench fire,' &c. But the ox would not.

"She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said, 'Butcher! butcher! kill ox; ox won't drink water,' &c. But the butcher would not.

"She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said, 'Rope! rope! hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox,' &c. But the rope would not.

"She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said, 'Rat! rat! gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher,' &c. But the rat would not.

"She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said, 'Cat! cat! kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope,' &c. But the cat said to her, 'If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat.' So away went the old woman to the cow.

"But the cow said to her, 'If you will go to yonder haystack,* and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk.' So away went the old woman to the haystack; and she brought the hay to the cow.

"As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

"As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat; the rat began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile; and so the old woman got home that night."

* Or haymakers, proceeding thus in the stead of the rest of this paragraph:—"and fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk."—So away the old woman went, but the haymakers said to her,—If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch us a bucket of water, we'll give you the hay. So away the old woman went, but when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and away she went back with it to the haymakers; and they gave her a wisp of hay."



LOCAL.

391.

THERE was a little nobby colt,
His name was Nobby Gray ;
His head was made of pounce straw,
His tail was made of hay ;
He could ramble, he could trot,
He could carry a mustard-pot,
Round the town of Woodstock.
Hey, Jenny, hey !

(195)

4. This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

5. This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

6. This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

7. This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

3. This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
9. This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
10. This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

400.

KING'S SUTTON is a pretty town,
And lies all in a valley ;
There is a pretty ring of bells,
Besides a bowling alley :
Wine and liquor in good store,
Pretty maidens plenty ;
Can a man desire more ?
There ain't such a town in twenty.

401.

DICK and Tom, Will and John
Brought me from Nottingham.



RELICS.

402.

THE girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
Cried "gobble, gobble, gobble :"
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble hobble, hobble.

403.

Goosy goosy gander,
Who stands yonder ?
Little Betty Baker ;
Take her up, and shake her.
(189)

404.

GOOSEY goosey gander,
Where shall I wander ?
Up stairs, down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber ;
There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers ;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs.

405.

BABY and I
Were baked in a pie,
The gravy was wonderful hot :
We had nothing to pay
To the baker that day,
And so we crept out of the pot.

406.

WHAT are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of ?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dog's tails ;
And that 's what little boys are made of, made of.
What are little girls made of, made of, made of,
What are little girls made of ?
Sugar and spice, and all that 's nice ;
And that 's what little girls are made of, made of.

407.

BLOW, wind, blow ! and go, mill, go !
That the miller may grind his corn ;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

408.

WHEN Jacky 's a very good boy,
He shall have cakes and a custard ;
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard.

409.

THE Quaker's wife got up to bake,
Her children all about her,
She gave them every one a cake,
And the miller wants his moulter.

410.

WHO comes here ?
A grenadier.
What do you want ?
A pot of beer.
Where's your money ?
I've forgot.
Get you gone,
You drunken sot !

411.

THE barber shaved the mason,
As I suppose
Cut off his nose,
And popp'd it in the basin.

412.

PEG, Peg, with a wooden leg,
Her father was a miller ;
He toss'd the dumpling at her head,
And said he could not kill her.

413.

PARSON DARBY wore a black gown,
And every button cost half-a-crown ;
From port to port, and toe to toe,
Turn the ship and away we go !

414.

[In the following, the various parts of the countenance are touched as the lines are repeated ; and at the close the chin is struck playfully, that the tongue may be gently bitten.]

EYE winker,
Tom Tinker,
Nose dropper.
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper,
Chin chopper.



415.

FEE-faw-fum put on his boots,
A seven-league pair, which he kept for pursuits ;
And as he went, he grumbled so grum,
FEE-faw-fum, fee-faw-fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
And whether or no, I will have some.

416.

I HAD a little moppet,
I put it in my pocket,
And fed it with corn and hay ;
Then came a proud beggar,
And swore he would have her,
And stole little moppet away.

417.

LITTLE Tommy Tacket,
Sits upon his cracket ;
Half a yard of cloth will make him coat and
jacket ;
Make him coat and jacket,
Breeches to the knee.
And if you will not have him, you may let him
be.

418.

BARBER, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig ?
" Four-and-twenty, that 's enough."
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

419.

I 'LL buy you a tartan bonnet,
And some feathers to put on it,
Tartan trews and a phillibeg,
Because you are so like your daddy.

420.

'HE man in the moon drinks claret,
But he is a dull Jack-a-Dandy ;
Would he know a sheep's head from a carrot,
He should learn to drink water so handy.

421.

[A marching air.]

DARBY and Joan were dress'd in black,
Sword and buckle behind their back ;
Foot for foot, and knee for knee,
Turn about Darby's company.

422.

IF all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be !
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be !
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be !
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be !
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish splash *that* would be !

423.

My little old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what 't was all about :
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the row begun.

424.

AROUND the green gravel the grass grows green,
And all the pretty maids are plain to be seen ;
Wash them with milk, and clothe them with silk,
And write their names with a pen and ink.

425.

WHEN I went up sandy hill,
I met a sandy boy ;
I cut his throat, I sucked his blood,
And left his skin a hanging-o.

426.

I HAD a little castle upon the sea-side,
One-half was water, the other was land ;
I open'd my little castle-door, and guess what I
found ;
I found a fair lady with a cup in her hand.
The cup was gold, filled with wine ;
Drink, fair lady, and thou shalt be mine !

427.

As I went over the water,
The water went over me,
I heard an old woman crying,
Will you buy some furmity?

428.

Go to bed, Tom!
Go to bed, Tom!
Drunk or sober,
Go to bed, Tom!

429.

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple-Gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my poney now
For all the lady's hire.

430.

OLD Father Graybeard,
Without tooth or tongue;
If you'll give me your finger,
I'll give you my thumb.

431.

BAH, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

432.

Rowsty dowy, my fire's all out,
My little dame is not at home!
I'll saddle my duck, and bridle my hen,
And fetch my little dame home again!
Home she came, tritty trot,
She asked for the porridge she left in the pot;
Some she ate and some she shod,
And some she gave to the truckler's dog;
She took up the ladle and knocked its head,
And now poor Dapsy dog is dead!

433.

WASH hands, wash,
Pussey's gone to plough;
If you want your hands washed,
Have them washed now.



434.

IN Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live,
 A man of mickle might ;
 The best of all the table round,
 And eke a doughty knight.

His stature but an inch in height,
 Or quarter of a span :
 Then think you not this little knight
 Was proved a valiant man ?
 s *

435.

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

436.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat, and a green gown.

437.

I CAN weave diaper thick, thick, thick,
And I can weave diaper thin;
I can weave diaper out of doors,
And I can weave diaper in.

438.

LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

439.

COME, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head ;
Tarry awhile, says Slow :
Put on the pot,
Says Greedy-gut,
Let's sup before we go.

440.

To market, to market, a gallop, a trot,
To buy some meat to put in the pot ;
Threepence a quarter, a groat a side,
If it hadn't been kill'd, it must have died.

441.

HIGH diddle doubt, my candle's out,
My little maid is not at home :
Saddle my hog, and bridle my dog,
And fetch my little maid home.

442.

As I was going to sell my eggs,
met a man with bandy legs,
bandy legs and crooked toes,
tripped up his heels and he fell on his nose.

443.

Hussy, hussy, where's your horse?
Hussy, hussy, gone to grass!
Hussy, hussy, fetch him home,
Hussy, hussy, let him alone.

444.

SHAKE a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang?
At midsummer, mother, when the days are lang.

445.

LITTLE boy, pretty boy, where was you born?
In Lincolnshire, master: come blow the cow's
horn.

A half-penny pudding, a penny pie,
A shoulder of mutton, and that love I.

446.

WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I'll go with you, if I may.
I'm going to the meadow to see them a mowing,
I'm going to help them make hay.

447.

WHEN I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
It is some time ago, and I've no more yet;
Nor ever ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I.

448.

WE'RE all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps;
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's!
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

449.

RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
Little Arthur wants to play.

450.

WHAT'S the news of the day,
Good neighbour, I pray?
They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon.

451.

[See a similar one to this at p. 204.]

LITTLE Mary Ester,
Sat upon a tester,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a little spider,
And sat him down beside her,
And frightened Mary Ester away.

452.

LEG over leg,
As the dog went to Dover;
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over.

453.

A LITTLE old man and I fell out;
How shall we bring this matter about?
Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little old man!

454.

LITTLE girl, little girl, where have you been?
Gathering roses to give to the queen.
Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.

455.

HARK, hark,
The dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in jags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

456.

CHARLEY WAG,
Eat the pudding and left the bag.

457.

[See part of No. 225.]

HINK, minx! the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry:
There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.

458.

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

459.

IF a body meet a body,
In a field of fitches;
Can a body tell a body
Where a body itches?

460.

LITTLE boy blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the
corn ;

Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I ;
For if I do he'll be sure to cry.



MISCELLANEOUS.

461.

HERE sits the Lord Mayor . . . *forehead.*

Here sits his two men . . . *eyes.*

Here sits the cock . . . *right cheek.*

Here sits the hen . . . *left cheek.*

Here sit the little chickens . . . *tip of nose.*

Here they run in . . . *mouth.*

Chinchopper, chinchopper,

Chinchopper, chin ! . . . chuck the chin

462.

[A game-rhyme.]

TRIP and go, heave and hoe,
Up and down, to and fro ;
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove,
A-maying, a-playing ;
Love hath no gainsaying ;
So merrily trip and go,
Merrily trip and go !

463.

[A storm of wind.]

ARTHUR O'BOWER has broken his band,
He comes roaring up the land ;
The King of Scots, with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower !

464.

[Tobacco.]

MAKE three-fourths of a cross,
And a circle complete ;
And let two semicircles
On a perpendicular meet :
Next add a triangle
That stands on two feet ;
Next two semicircles,
And a circle complete.

465.

[A swarm of bees.]

As I was going o'er Tipple Tine,
I met a flock of bonny swine;
 Some green-lapp'd,
 Some green-back'd;
They were the very bonniest swine
That e'er went over Tipple Tine.

466.

[A sunbeam.]

HICK-A-MORE Hack-a-more,
Hung on a kitchen-door;
 Nothing so long,
 And nothing so strong,
As Hick-a-more Hack-a-more
Hung on the kitchen-door!

467.

O WHERE are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red rosy cheeks
And your coal-black hair?—

I'm going a-milking—
Kind sir, says she—
And it's dabbling in the dew
Where you'll find me!

468.

[A firebrand, with sparks on it.]

As I was going o'er London Bridge,
And peep'd through a nick,
I saw four-and-twenty ladies
Riding on a stick!

469.

THERE was a man and he was mad,
And he jump'd into a pea-swad;*
The pea-swad was over-full,
So he jump'd into a roaring bull;
The roaring bull was over-fat,
So he jump'd into a gentleman's hat;
The gentleman's hat was over-fine,
So he jump'd into a bottle of wine;
The bottle of wine was over-dear,
So he jump'd into a bottle of beer;
The bottle of beer was over-thick,
So he jump'd into a club-stick;
The club-stick was over-narrow,
So he jump'd into a wheel-barrow;
The wheel-barrow began to crack,
So he jump'd on to a hay-stack;
The hay-stack began to blaze,
So he did nothing but cough and sneeze!

* The pod or shell of a pea



470.

[A Christmas custom in Lancashire. The boys dress themselves up with ribands, and perform various pantomimes, after which one of them, who has a blackened face, a rough skin coat, and a broom in his hand, sings as follows.]

HERE come I,
Little David Doubt;
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all out.
Money I want,
And money I crave;
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all to the grave!

T *

471.

[An egg.]

As I was going over London Bridge,
I saw something under a hedge;
'T was neither fish, flesh, feather nor bone,
And yet in three weeks it runned alone.

472.

O RARE Harry Parry,
When will you marry?
When apples and pears are ripe.
I'll come to your wedding,
Without any bidding,
And dance with your bride all night.

473.

HICKUP, snicup,
Rise up, right up!
Three drops in the cup
Are good for the hiccup.

474.

UP at Piccadilly oh!
The coachman takes his stand,
And when he meets a pretty girl,
He takes her by the hand;
Whip away for ever oh!
Drive away so clever oh!
All the way to Bristol oh!
• He drives her four-in-hand.

475.

[Hours of sleep.],

NATURE requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And Wickedness eleven.

476.

[Mind your punctuation.]

I SAW a peacock with a fiery tail,
I saw a blazing comet drop down hail,
I saw a cloud wrapped with ivy round,
I saw an oak creep upon the ground,
I saw a pismire swallow up a whale,
I saw the sea brimful of ale,
I saw a Venice glass full fifteen feet deep,
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep,
I saw red eyes all of a flaming fire,
I saw a house bigger than the moon and higher,
I saw the sun at twelve o'clock at night,
I saw the man that saw this wondrous sight.

477.

LITTLE Polly Flinders
Sate among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes ;
Her mother came and caught her
And whipp'd her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

478.

If a man who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,
It is a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than his father.

479.

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow.

480.

WHEN little Sammy Soapsuds
Went out to take a ride;
In looking over London Bridge
He fell into the tide.

His parents never having taught
Their double S to swim,
The tide soon got the mastery,
And made an end of him.

481.

ONE a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns;
If your daughters do not like them, give them
to your sons.
But if you should have none of these pretty
little elves,
You cannot do better than to eat them yourselves.



482.

YOUNG Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,
Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump!

He asked for admittance, she answered him
"No!"

Frumpaty, frumpaty, frump!

"No, no, Roger, no! as you came you may
go!"

Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump!

483.

Brave news is come to town,
Brave news is carried;
Brave news is come to town,
Jemmy Dawson's married.

First he got a porridge-pot,
Then he bought a ladle;
Then he got a wife and child,
And then he bought a cradle.

484.

You shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum;
You shall have a rattle-basket,
When your dad comes home.

485.

[A Star.]

HIGHER than a house, higher than a tree;
Oh, whatever can that be?

486.

[Snuff.]

As I look'd out o' my chamber window,
I heard something fall;
I sent my maid to pick it up,
But she couldn't pick it all.

487.

Amas, amas, I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender ;
Sweet cowslips grace her nominative case,
And she 's of the feminine gender.

488.

WHEN shall we be married,
My dear Nicholas Wood ?
We will be married on Monday,
And will not that be very good ?
What, shall we be married no sooner ?
Why sure the man 's gone wood !*

What shall we have for our dinner,
My dear Nicholas Wood ?
We will have bacon and pudding,
And will not that be very good ?
What, shall we have nothing more ?
Why sure the man 's gone wood !

Who shall we have at our wedding,
My dear Nicholas Wood ?
We will have mammy and daddy,
And will not that be very good ?
What, shall we have nobody else ?
Why sure the man 's gone wood !

* *Mad.* This sense of the word has long been obsolete ; and exhibits, therefore, the antiquity of these lines.

489.

Pir, Pat, well-a-day,
Little Robin flew away,
Where can little Robin be?
Gone into the cherry tree.

490.

LAVENDERS blue, dilly, dilly, lavenders green,
When I am king, dilly, dilly, you shall be queen;
Call up your men, dilly, dilly, set them to work,
Some to the plough, dilly, dilly, some to the cart;
Some to make hay, dilly, dilly, some to thresh
corn,
Whilst you and I dilly, dilly, keep ourselves warm.

491.

[This should be accompanied by a kind of pantomimic dance, in which the motions of the body and arms express the process of weaving; the motion of the shuttle, &c.]

WEAVE the diaper tick-a-tick tick,
Weave the diaper tick—
Come this way, come that,
As close as a mat.
Athwart and across, up and down, round about,
And forwards, and backwards, and inside, and
out;
Weave the diaper thick-a-thick thick,
Weave the diaper thick!



492.

TOMMY kept a chandler's shop,
RICHARD went to buy a mop,
TOMMY gave him such a knock,
 That sent him out of his chandler's shop.

493.

The Cock. Lock the dairy door,
 Lock the dairy door!

The Hen. Chickle, chackle, chee,
 I haven't got the key!

494.

A GOOD child, a good child,
As I suppose you be,
Never laughed nor smiled
At the tickling of your knee.

495.

[Imitated from a pigeon.]

CURR dhoo, curr dhoo,
Love me, and I'll love you !

496.

WHERE have you been to-day, Billy, my son ?
Where have you been to-day, my only man ?
I've been a-wooing, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at heart, and fain would lay down.

What have you ate to-day, Billy, my son ?
What have you ate to-day, my only man ?
I've ate an eel-pie, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at heart, and shall die before noon !

497.

HICKUP, hickup, go away !
Come again another day ;
Hickup, hickup, when I bake,
I'll give to you a butter-cake.

498.

FATHER SHORT came down the lane,
Oh! I'm obliged to hammer and smite
From four in the morning till eight at night,
For a bad master and a worse dame.

499.

If wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches,
I would wear one by my side.

500.

A LITTLE boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out, and flew about,
And the little boy ran away!

501.

HANNAH BANTRY in the pantry,
Eating a mutton bone;
How she gnawed it, how she clawed it,
When she found she was alone!

502.

OLD Sir Simon the king,
And young Sir Simon the 'squire,
And old Mrs. Hickabout
Kicked Mrs. Kickabout
Round about our coal fire!

503.

RICHARD OF DALTON DALE.

ON New-Year's-day, as I've heard say,
Richard he mounted his dapple grey;
He put on his roast-beef clothes,
His shoes, his buckles, and his hose,
Likewise his hat upon his head,
Stuck all round with ribands red!
Thus rode Richard of Dalton Dale
To the parson's house to court Mrs. Jane.
Richard he rode across the moor,
Until he came to the parson's door,
Where he did knock both loud and fast,
Till he made the company amazed at last;
A trusty servant let him in,
His pleasant courtship to begin.
Richard he strutted about the hall,
And aloud for Mrs. Jane did call:
Mrs. Jane came down straightway
To hear what Richard had got to say;
He scraped his leg and kissed his hand,
I am, said he—don't you understand?
Mrs. Jane, I fain would know
Whether you'll be my bride or no!
Richard, if I'm to be your bride,
Pray what for a living will you provide,
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor e'er in my life, could do any such thing?

Sometimes I reap, sometimes I mow,
 And sometimes I to the market go;
 With Goodman's hogs, or corn, or hay,
 I addle* my ninepence every day.
 Ninepence a day will never do,
 For I wear silks and satins too;
 Ninepence a day won't keep us with meat,
 Odd zooks! could you think of a crown a week?
 There is an old house that stands hard by,
 It'll be all my own when my grandfather die,
 And if you'll consent to marry me now,
 I'll feed you as fat as my grandfather's sow.
 Richard's compliments did so delight,
 That the company set up a laugh outright;
 So Richard having no more to say,
 Mounted his keffint† and rode away.

504.

WHISTLE, daughter, whistle, whistle daughter
 dear;

I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot whistle
 clear.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle for a pound;
 I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot make a
 sound.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle for a cradle,
 I cannot whistle, mammy, 'deed I am not able;

* Earn. A North country word.

† Horse. A Cheshire word.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle for a cow,
I cannot whistle, mammy, 'deed I know not
how.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle for a man,
I cannot whistle, mammy ; whew ! yes, I believe
I can !

505.

[A Bee.]

I WENT out in the garden to water my knot,*
I saw a young lady a riding a trot ;
With her yellow heels and her gibby hose,
If you tell me the riddle I'll give you my nose.

506.

LEND me thy mare to ride a mile ?
She is lamed, leaping over a stile.
Alack ! and I must keep the fair !
I'll give thee money for thy mare,
Oh, oh ! say you so ?
Money will make the mare to go !

507.

ST. THOMAS'S-DAY is past and gone,
And Christmas is a-most a-come,
Maidens arise,
And make your pies.
And save poor tailor Bobby some.

* A garden plat or parterre for flowers.



508.

THERE was a fat man of Bombay,
 Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
 When a bird, called a snipe,
 Flew away with his pipe,
 Which vex'd the fat man of Bombay.

509.

THIS pig went to market,
 Squeak mouse, mouse, mousey ;
 Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,
And here 's my own doll, Dowsy.

510.

THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY.

Oh, madam, I will give you the keys of Canterbury,
To set all the bells ringing when we shall be merry,
If you will but walk abroad with me,
If you will but walk with me.

Sir, I'll not accept of the keys of Canterbury,
To set all the bells ringing when we shall be merry;
Neither will I walk abroad with thee;
Neither will I talk with thee!

Oh, madam, I will give you a fine carved comb,
To comb out your ringlets when I am from home,
If you will but walk with me, &c.
Sir, I'll not accept, &c.

Oh, madam, I will give you a pair of shoes of
cork,*

One made in London, the other made in York,
If you will but walk with me, &c.

Sir, I'll not accept, &c.

If you will but walk with me, &c.

Sir, I'll not accept, &c.

Madam, I will give you a sweet silver bell,†
To ring up your maidens when you are not well,

* This proves the song was not later than the era of chopines, or high cork shoes.

† Another proof of antiquity. It must probably have been written before the invention of bell-pulls.

Oh, my man John, what can the matter be ?
I love the lady and the lady loves not me !
Neither will she walk abroad with me,
Neither will she talk with me.

Oh, master dear, do not despair,
The lady she shall be, shall be your only dear,
And she will walk and talk with thee,
And she will walk with thee !

Oh, madam, I will give you the keys of my chest,
To count my gold and silver when I am gone to
rest,

If you will but walk abroad with me,
If you will but talk with me.

Oh, sir, I will accept of the keys of your chest,
To count your gold and silver when you are gone
to rest,

And I will walk abroad with thee,
And I will talk with thee !

511.

PUSSEY-CAT sits by the fire,
How did she come there ?
In walks the little dog,
Says " Pussey ! are you there ?
How do you do, Mistress Pussey ?
Mistress Pussey, how d'ye do ?"
" I thank you kindly, little dog,
I fare as well as you !"

512.

My dear, do you know
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, as I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light !
They sobb'd and they sigh'd, and they bitterly
cried,
And the poor little things, they lay down and
died.

And when they were dead,
The Robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread ;
And all the day long,
They sung them this song,
“ Poor babes in the wood ! poor babes in the
wood !
And don't you remember the babes in the wood ? ”



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